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HON. ICHABOD GOODWIN.

MR. GOODWIN is the eldest son of Samuel Goodwin and Nancy Thompson Gerrish, and was born in that part of Berwick which is now North Berwick, in the state of Maine. He is descended on both father's and mother's sides from families of very great colonial importance. The great grandfather of Mr. Goodwin, Captain Ichabod Goodwin, is said, by the writer of the genealogy of the Berwick Goodwins, in the Historical Magazine, to have been the most remarkable man who ever lived in that town. He distinguished himself at the battle of Ticonderoga and we learn from the London Magazine that he was especially mentioned in Major General Abercrombie's report to Mr. Secretary Pitt.

On his father's side, his ancestors figured conspicuously in the wars before the Revolution, and up to the period of the Revolution were of the families upon whom devolved the magisterial work and honor of the times. On his mother's side he is likewise descended from families which for a century and up to the time of the Revolution, performed a large share of the duties of public office; and some of the most conspicuous names in the colonial history of Maine and New Hampshire are to be counted among his maternal ancestors.

To mention the names of Champernoun, Waldron and Elliot, none more familiar to those informed upon colonial history, is but to recall the persons from whom, on the maternal side, he is lineally descended or with whom his maternal ancestors were closely allied by ties of family connection. The ante-revolutionary importance of the people from whom he comes is well illustrated by the fact that the name of his maternal grandfather, Joseph Gerrish, stands first on the triennial catalogue of Harvard College in the list of graduates of the year 1752, a class which numbered a Quincy among its graduating members. The significance of this fact, as bearing upon the status of his mother's family at that time, is that the names of the members of the classes of that day are published in the triennial catalogue of Harvard in the order of the social importance of the families to which the members respectively belonged.

At the time of Mr. Goodwin's birth, which was just before the beginning of the present century, the state of things which the Revolution had brought about had had ample time to crystalize. Whether it was through the great changes that under the new order of things had taken place in the political, social and commercial affairs of the country, or whether from those inherent causes under the operation of which families conspicuous and influential in one

period drop out of notice and are lost to the eye of the historian, the annalist, and perhaps even of the town chronicler. Mr. Goodwin's family, at the time of his birth, were simply plain farming people, highly respected within the limits of the little country town in which they lived, but no longer among the noted, or influential or wealthy people of Maine. The country had, by the close of the last century, taken a considerable stride onward in prosperity as well as in numerical growth, and the bustle and hum of industry pouring itself into new channels of prosperity had passed by many of the families which in the earlier era had been the foremost in developing the resources of the country, in leading the yeomanry in war, in presiding over the tribunals, and sitting in council as civic magistrates.

Mr. Goodwin's academic education consisted of several years of study at the academy at South Berwick, an institution having at that time a good deal of local importance, and then as now the only school in the vicinity of his birthplace where a fitting for college can be obtained. Shortly after leaving that academy, he entered the counting-house of Samuel Lord, Esq., then a very prominent merchant and ship owner of Portsmouth, N. H., and he became a member of Mr. Lord's family. He here displayed qualities which had been quite conspicuous in his earlier boyhood, those of energy and assiduity and a very marked capacity for affairs. These qualities, which at the early age of twelve had made him quite a competent and satisfactory manager of the farm of his widowed step-grandmother, who was the grandmother of Mr. Lord, showed later in his conduct as a clerk in the commercial business of the then very thriving shipping port of Portsmouth. Mr. Lord finding that Mr. Goodwin's business abilities were more comprehensive than the mere duties of a clerk required, placed him as a supercargo in charge of the business of what was then the largest ship owned in the port, the "Elizabeth Wilson." In the present days of railroads, sea-going steamers, oceanic cables and the commercial complement of these foreign correspondents or agents, it may seem a trivial sign of a young man's capacities to name the fact of his being made the business manager of a ship, especially as ships then went in regard to size; but it is the introduction of these very modern appliances for conducting business which has rendered the responsibility of the delegated management of this species of property comparatively easy. In the days of Mr. Goodwin's early voyaging, the whole discretion as to the conduct of the ship's affairs was vested in the supercago, except in the brief period of her being in the home port, when the owner resumed his authority and control. In foreign places, among strangers, beyond the reach of opportunity for consultation with his owner, the young man must rely upon himself; must decide upon what voyage his ship shall go, and must be ready to account to his principal upon his return for the results of a prosperous enterprise or a disasterous adventure. It was not long before Mr. Goodwin had learned enough of seamanship to enable him to add to the duties of the supercargo the further business of navigating his ship, so that for several years he was both shipmaster and business manager, offices, then as now, rarely combined in one person; for the ship-master is to-day chiefly the navigator and head seaman of his ship, while the business, involving the chartering and the rest, is attended to by a merchant in the port of destination, who is in ready communication with the owner both by the fast going mail of the steamship, and the quicker method of the ocean cable. Mr. Goodwin's sea life lasted for about twelve years. During that time he had been so far successful as to become a part owner, and to be enabled to begin business at home. In the year 1832 he established himself as a merchant at Portsmouth. Portsmouth has been his home ever since that time; and there he, for

many years, conducted an extensive mercantile business, his chief business interests lying in the direction of the foreign carrying trade. Upon retiring from the sea he soon manifested a large public spirit and interest, and became in a short time foremost in the affairs of the day which were of public concern. He was one of the early projectors of the railroad interests of New England; and until within a few years he has taken a large part in all the enterprises of public import in the vicinity of his home, including, besides railroads, the enterprises of manufacturing and banking, and he has been vested always with a large share of the local trusts, both public and private, which devolve upon the public spirited and trusted citizen. He has of late years been inclined to withdraw from these responsibilities; but of those which he still retains, the presidency of the "Howard Benevolent Society," a position he has held for over thirty years, and the presidency of the "Portsmouth Bridge Company" may be mentioned. He has, however, within the last two years assumed the presidency of the "First National Bank," of Portsmouth, in which he is largely interested as a stockholder, and in which institution he has been a director from its incorporation as a state bank. He was for many years and at different periods a director in the "Eastern Railroad Company," and was the first president of the "Eastern Railroad in New Hampshire," which position he held for twenty-five years. He was also of the first board of direction of the "Portland, Saco and Portsmouth R. R. Co.," and was the president of that corporation from the year 1847 to the year 1871. But it is unnecessary to mention all the public trusts of a corporate nature which have been confided to his care. His chief claim to public esteem, and that which will secure to him its most enduring recognition, is derived from his services as the first "war governor" of New Hampshire.

Upon Mr. Goodwin's settling as a business man in Portsmouth, he did not confine his energies to his private business and to corporate enterprises, but soon acquired a large interest and influence as a member of the Whig party. He served in the legislatures of New Hampshire as a member of that party in the years 1838, 1843, 1844, 1850, 1854 and 1856. He was also a delegate at large from that state to the conventions at which Clay, Taylor and Scott were nominated by the Whigs for the presidency, and was a vice-president at the two first named conventions; and he has twice served in the Constitutional Conventions of New Hampshire. He was the candidate of the Whigs for Congress at several elections before the state was divided into Congressional districts. New Hampshire was in those days one of the most powerful strongholds of the Democratic party in the country; and a Whig nomination for any office determined by the suffrages of the whole state, was merely a tribute of esteem by that party to one of its most honored members. Upon the the establishment of Congressional districts, Mr. Goodwin received a unanimous nomination of the Whig party for Congress at the first convention held in his district. This nomination bid fair to be followed by an election, but the circumstances of his private business prevented his acceptance of the candidateship. In the great political convulsions which preceded the war of the Rebellion, the power of the Democratic party in New Hampshire began to decline, while the ties which through years of almost steady defeat in the state at large had been sufficient to hold together the Whig party, now came to be loosened; and out of the decadence of the former and the extinction of the latter party there was built up the Republican party, which gained the supremacy in that state, and which has ever since, with a brief exception, maintained that supremacy. Mr. Goodwin, while in full sympathy with the cause of the Union, which he believed the politicians of the South were

striving to dismember, yet felt that perhaps the impending crisis could be arrested through the means of the old political organizations; and he remained steadfast to the organization of the Whig party until he saw that its usefulness both as a state and as a national party was gone. He was the last candidate of the Whigs for the office of Governor of New Hampshire, and received in the whole state the meagre amount of about two thousand votes. This lesson did not require to be repeated. He immediately did all in his power to aid in the establishment of the Republican party in that state; for although the old time issues between the Democrats and the Whigs had gone by and new questions had arisen involving the very integrity of the nation, he did not regard the Democratic party as one capable of solving or disposed to solve those questions in a patriotic and statesmanlike way. He was chosen the Governor of New Hampshire, as the Republican candidate, in the year 1859, and was reëlected by the same party in the following year, his second term of office having expired June 5, 1861.

The military spirit of the people of New Hampshire had become dormant and the militia system of the state had fallen pretty much to decay long before the first election of Mr. Goodwin to the office of governor. A slight revival of that spirit, perhaps, is marked by the organization in his honor, in January, 1860, of "The Governor's Horse Guards," a regiment of cavalry in brilliant uniform, designed to do escort duty to the governor, as well as by a field muster of several voluntary organizations of troops which went into camp at Nashua in the same year. But when the call of President Lincoln for troops was made in the spring of 1861, the very foundation of a military system required to be established. The nucleus itself required to be formed. The legislature was not in session and would not convene, except under a special call, until the following June. There were no funds in the treasury which could be devoted to the expense of the organization and equipment of troops, as all the available funds were needed to meet the ordinary state expenditures. The great confidence of the people of New Hampshire in the wisdom and integrity of Mr. Goodwin found in this emergency full expression. Without requiring time to convene the legislature so as to obtain the security of the state for the loan, the banking institutions and citizens of the state tendered him the sum of $680,000 for the purpose of enabling him to raise and equip for the field New Hampshire's quota of troops. This offer he gladly accepted; and averting delay in the proceedings by refraining from convening the legislature, he, upon his own responsibility, proceeded to organize and equip troops for the field; and in less than two months he had despatched to the army, near Washington, two well equipped and well officered regiments. Of this sum of $680,000 only about $100,000 was expended. On the assembling of the legislature that body unanimously passed the "Enabling Act," under which all his proceedings as governor were ratified, and the state made to assume the responsibility.

During the period of this gubernatorial service, there was a reconstruction of the bench of the highest judicial tribunal of the state; and during that time nearly every position upon that court was filled by his appointment. It is sufficient to say that the exalted rank which that tribunal has ever held among the courts of last resort of the states of the nation, suffered no diminuation from his appointments to its bench, such was the good sense and discernment of Mr. Goodwin in making the different selections, although himself not versed in the law.

In "Waite's History of New Hampshire in the Rebellion," we find the following estimate of Mr. Goodwin as a public man and as a citizen and business man: "His administration of state affairs met with universal approval.

and he left the office (that of governor) with the respect of all parties. As a member of the legislature and of the constitutional convention, he took a leading part on committees and in debate. His speeches were never made for show. He spoke only when there seemed to be occasion for it, and then always to the point, and was listened to with great respect and attention; for his conservatism and practical wisdom in all matters of public policy were well known. In all public positions he has discharged his duties with fidelity, industry and marked ability. As a citizen and business man he is public spirited, liberal, high-minded, and enjoys the unbounded confidence and respect of all."

Mr. Goodwin has always been noted for his kindness to young men, aiding them without stint, both with his purse and his advise in their business difficulties; and he has ever been ready to extend to all his townsmen who needed aid, the assistance of his influence, his counsel, and his pecuniary means.

In 1827 Mr. Goodwin married Miss Sarah Parker Rice, a daughter of Mr. William Rice, a wealthy and prosperous merchant of Portsmouth. Of seven children one son and two daughters survive.

FRANK GOODWIN.

A DAY WITH THE WEBSTERS.

BY EX-GOV. HARRIMAN.

One bright morning in August, 1875, we (Mrs. H. and myself) took a suitable team at Concord, with one day's rations, and, in light marching order, set off for Elms Farm, Shaw's Corner and Searle Hill. We desired more light on a few points in reference to the early life of Daniel Webster. At Boscawen Plains, that ancient village, with its broad street, shaded houses and "magnificent distances," we made our first halt. A venerable lady of intelligence and culture gave us the information we there sought. She *knew* Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel. She related interesting anecdotes concerning their life in Boscawen, and pointed out the exact spot where, in 1805, Daniel Webster opened his first law office, and commenced (as he used to express it) "making writs." He occupied this office but two years, when he gave it up to Ezekiel, and went to Portsmouth. This office, at the Plains, was a small building attached to a dwelling house, just above the ancient cemetery, and on the same side of the street, but it was removed from this place many years ago, and the ground on which it stood is now a shaded lawn.

Some of the readers of this periodical will remember how the country was shocked by the sudden termination of the life of Ezekiel Webster. On the 10th day of April, 1829, while arguing a case in the Court-House at Concord, he fell lifeless to the floor.

Having visited the ancient cemetery at Boscawen, and particularly noticed the inscriptions on the tombstones of Ezekiel Webster and his first wife, we proceeded on our journey. We soon passed the county buildings (and the magnificent farm connected therewith) which overlook the charming valley of the Merrimack, and came to Stirrup-Iron Brook, which comes down from Salisbury, passes under the Northern Railroad and falls into the river. This brook takes its name from the circumstance, that, sometime after the independence of the colonies was acknowledged, Gen. Dearborn, of Revolutionary fame, while going, on horseback, to visit a sister at Andover, in fording this stream, which was then at a high stage of water, lost one of his stirrup-irons.

We cross the railroad and are soon looking both to the right and left upon the broad, smooth acres of the Elms Farm (now the Orphans' Home). To this place Daniel Webster was brought, with the family, when he was about one year of age, and around this sacred spot clustered all his early recollections. He owned this farm, after his father's decease, and made annual pilgrimages to it till the year he died. Here was the theatre of his early sports and joys, as well as trials and disappointments. Here his school days began; from here he went to Phillips Academy at Exeter for a term of six months, when fourteen years of age; from here he went to Boscawen Plains, under the instruction of Rev. Samuel Wood, D. D., to prepare for college, in the spring of 1797; from here he went to Dartmouth, and when he graduated, with distinction, in 1801, it was right *here* where he entered the law office of Thomas W. Thompson, as a student of Blackstone.

This Thompson first opened an office at Salisbury South Road, but after remaining there a year he came down to the river road, where his office was nearly opposite to the Webster House. This office was removed many years ago and made the ell of a house standing on the hill towards Shaw's Corner. Thompson finally went to Concord, and after a life of industry and success, having filled the chair of Speaker of our House of Representatives in June, 1813, and served as Senator in the Congress of the United States, from June, 1814, to March, 1817 (to fill a vacancy), he died and was buried in Concord.

With reverent step we entered the Webster Cemetery at the Elms Farm; saw where Captain Ebenezer Webster and his wife, Abigail (the parents of Daniel), as well as many others of his kindred, were laid to rest, and we felt that this was the proper place for the dust of the great expounder to sleep, instead of being secreted off in that lonely pasture at Marshfield. We felt, too, that Webster made a mistake in cultivating the barren slopes of Green Harbor and making a home there, when the Elms Farm presented opportunities so much better. We visited the celebrated oak tree on which (as tradition has it) Daniel hung his scythe after failing to make it suit him hung in any other way. But the tree was then dead on the mow-field. Time had laid it low, as it had him who had often basked in its shade.

Writing of this place toward the close of his life, in a letter to a friend, Webster says: "Looking out at the east windows, with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eye sweeps along a level field of 100 acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble gravestones, designating the places where repose my father and mother, and brother, and sisters, Mahitable, Abigail and Sarah—good scripture names, inherited from their Puritan ancestors. This fair field is before me. I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, raked it, but I never mowed it; *somehow I could never learn to hang a scythe*. My brother Joseph used to say that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of the children."

We crossed the mouth of Punch Brook, just above the Elms Farm, and, turning immediately to the left, proceeded on up the old road running to Shaw's Corner. About half way up, and near where the road crosses the brook, we find the foundations of a saw-mill which Capt. Webster owned when Daniel was a lad. From letters of the latter we learn, that, while at work with his father in this mill, while listening to the roar of the water-fall and gazing on the mountains and forests in their grandeur, Daniel Webster had his first visions of future eminence, or of the possibility of it. Here, to this youth, there were "sermons in stones, tongues in trees, and books in the running brooks."

A half mile or more to the northward of Shaw's Corner, on a road leading to East Andover, and on the charmed banks of Punch Brook, where the birds sing sweetly in May, is the

birthplace of Daniel Webster. Here Judge Webster, coming up from Kingston, selected his farm in the wilderness. It was average land for tillage and pasture, and was quite valuable on account of its pine timber, but by years of neglect and waste the farm has become very ordinary. The old log cabin was demolished before Daniel's birth, but the spot where it stood is still visible, as well as the foundations of the grist-mill which Capt. Webster erected on Punch Brook. The well and the historic elm are there, and a part of the little frame house in which Daniel Webster was born is there, constituting the ell of the present two-story house standing on the premises. The room in which Daniel was born is there, precisely as it was Jan. 18, 1782, excepting that now there are two windows in front, whereas, at the former period, there was but one. Of all these facts we satisfied ourselves after patient and thorough investigation.

We now began our toilsome ascent. The sun having passed an hour beyond its high meridian, and our experiences for the day having been not totally unlike those of him of the olden time, who, "in weariness, in watchings often, *in hunger and thirst*, in fastings," pursued his high calling, we halted and went into bivouac. On the eastern slope of Searle Mountain, under the shadow of a huge rock-maple, which stood by the side of a sparkling rivulet, we supplied our wants. A fire was kindled,—the coffee-pot and frying-pan were taken from the carriage, and "salt-hoss and hard-tack" (the soldier's fare) made the foundation of our meal. Old "Nimrod," the faithful animal who had been ridden in the army, was not forgotten, but was led "into green pastures," and had set before him his coveted "gallon of shoe-pegs" which had been brought along for the occasion.

The summit of Searle Hill (more commonly known, perhaps, as Meeting-house Hill) was now our objective point. It is a mile west of Shaw's Corner, on an old road leading to Salisbury Centre. The ascent of this hill, especially from the east, is attended with much labor. The hill is both long and steep—very steep, even for the mountainous regions of New Hampshire. The road is rough, and is now entirely abandoned as a public highway. Giving the horse his head, we toiled up this mountain as pedestrians. Half way up from Shaw's Corner, on the right hand side of the road, is seen an old cellar and all the foundations of extensive farm-buildings. But the voices which once rang on that mountain side are hushed. It was William Webster, a brother to Capt. Ebenezer, who settled on this spot. Here, in his early manhood, he came and selected his home. Here he raised his large family, lived a life of usefulness and died. But this deserted place is further made memorable by the fact that Daniel Webster, after leaving Exeter Academy in the spring of 1797, and before commencing with Rev. Mr. Wood, at Boscawen Plains, taught a private school for a few weeks, on this side-hill, occupying for his school-house a room here in his Uncle William's dwelling-house. Daniel had a fine class of girls and boys, and his brief charge here, it is said, was pleasant and bewitching. This was

> "In life's morning march, when his bosom was young."

On the top of Searle Hill, on the left hand side of the road as we are travelling, stood the first church edifice erected in Salisbury. *It could not be hid.* It was a large two-story building, without a steeple, with but little inside finish, and with a pulpit at a dizzy height. Think of bleak December,—the cold blasts sweeping down these old mountains, the roads blocked full in every direction,—no fire in the church, but two long sermons, reaching up to sixteenthly, every Sunday. It's enough to make a saint shudder!

Jonathan Searle, the first occupant of this pulpit, commenced his labors here before the Revolution, viz., in 1773, and closed them, after 18 years

of faithful service, in 1791. He was a graduate of Harvard,—a man of large ability and of lofty and dignified bearing. He was also a man of fine personal appearance. He wore a tri-cornered cocked hat, powdered wig, ornamented knee and shoe buckles, with the most ample surplice and gown. All the Websters worshipped in his congregation. Young Daniel was baptized here, by the Rev. Mr. Searle, in the summer of 1782. The day was pleasant and warm, but on that mountain top there was a strong breeze. After the ceremony of baptism, as the Webster family were leaving the church, a Mrs. Clay, who, no doubt, was an excellent lady though a little intrusive, made herself quite conspicuous. She had on a new bonnet, and a very large one,—it was large for the *fashion*, and fashion at that time justified one simply immense. This bonnet was liberally decked with flowers, feathers and ribbons, and taking it all in all, was well calculated to make a sensation on Searle Hill. This good woman pushed her way into the aisle, congratulated the minister on the felicity of his performance, congratulated Captain Webster and his wife on the auspicious event, patted little Daniel lovingly on the cheek, and chiefly cut off the view of the rest of the congregation. Just as she was leaving the vestibule of the church, a sudden flaw of wind struck her ponderous bonnet, snapped the slender thread that fastened it under her chin, and like riches, that noted bonnet "took to itself wings." This woman called lustily on the dignified Searle, who was nearest to it, to seize the fugitive article of head-adornment; and Searle was willing, but it would be unministerial for him to *run*. She called again—"Do, Reverend sir, catch my bonnet; it will be ruined!" He quickened his pace a little, but still preserved a measured and dignified tread. The distance between pursued and pursuer began rapidly to widen, when good Mrs. Clay, becoming frantic and unguarded, sang out, "Searle, *you devil you*, why don't you run!" The reverend gentleman did then accelerate his motion, and overtaking that indispensable article of head-gear, bore it in triumph to its distracted owner.

A grand-son of this reverend ambassador for Christ, is one of the prominent and solid lawyers of Concord, and it is said that in personal appearance and in many characteristics of mind, he bears a striking resemblance to his worthy ancestor.

The venerable sanctuary, which the winds and rains of heaven beat upon in the last century, has been gone a great many years, and on the old mountain, which was once the abode of numerous and thrifty families, silence now reigns undisturbed. Still the distant view from the summit is as varied and grand as in the days of Daniel Webster's infancy; still the eye takes a broad reach over mountain, mead and vale, embracing no insignificant fraction of

"This universal frame—thus wonderous fair."

Coming on down to the South Road, where stands the chief village of Salisbury, we were fortunate in finding a Mrs. Eastman, a native of that town, and a very intelligent old lady, who was pleased to favor us with items of much interest, and who pointed out the very house (now in a good state of preservation) in which "Daniel Webster, Esq., of Portsmouth, and Miss Grace Fletcher, of Salisbury," were married, in June, 1808.

Night approaching, and the object of our short trip having been more than realized, we struck a bee-line for Concord.

THE COLOURS OF ISANDLWHANA.

BY CHARLES W. COTT.

Not alone in olden story do we hear of deeds of might,
Deeds of valour, deeds of glory, wrought in battle and in fight;
But in modern times the spirit of those days of yore remains,
And, for right and honour dying, his reward the hero gains.
Scarce a twelvemonth has passed o'er us, since, in Afric's sunny land,
Fighting for their Queen and country, died a gallant British band;
Though by savage foes outnumbered, firm they stood and met their fate,—
Bravely met the deadly weapon of the Zulu's fiendish hate.
Hear ye, then, a thrilling story, list ye to a battle lay,—
How they saved old England's colours, on dread Isandlwhana's day.

On the heights of Isandlwhana spread Aurora's rosy hue,
Tinging with the blush of morning crags that never winter knew;
While from rocky cliff the torrent, leaping in its sheer descent,
Caught the golden rays of sunlight, and a thousand rainbows sent.
Scarcely had the daylight's dawning, with its brilliance, put to flight
Lingering stars and gloomy darkness and the dusky shades of night,
When the British bugle sounded in the camp, below the hill,
And the dying notes resounded on the rocks, that erst were still.
Then was bustle and awakening to another toilsome day,
Then was heard the cattle's lowing and the charger's shrilly neigh,
And the soldier's merry whistle, and their cheery shout and play;
For they knew not that around them hidden foes and dangers lay.
From the camp then issued proudly men equipped for mortal fight,
With their arms and sabres flashing, as they caught the morning light;
And the fifes and drums were sounding, as battalions formed in line,
And began their march, obedient to the General's silent sign.
Soon the rear-guard of the column by a turn was lost to view,
And again fair Isandlwhana all-pervading stillness knew.
In the camp remained, on duty, those whose fate concerns us here,
And they whiled away the moments;—strangers they to dread or fear.
But, with wingèd footsteps flying, came a scout at breathless speed:
News he brought of foes appearing; and too truly he had need.
Then was movement and confusion, where before was peace and rest:
But they soon regained their order, prompt for bidding and behest:
And a party moving quickly was despatched to try the foe,
What his motions, what equipment and what numbers he could shew.
Swiftly sped they on their errand, and soon gained th' opposing height,
Then, among the rocks and boulders, vanished from their comrades' sight;
But a desultory firing warned them that the foe was nigh,
And alert they took precautions, with a ready hand and eye.
The approaching noonday's sunbeams found them yet unmoved and still,
When, at once, the scouts appearing hurried headlong down the hill,
Driven by a band of Zulus, the advanced guard of the host,
Who, with savage yells and outcries, spears and darts above them tossed.
Then the British formed in order, on that fatal battle field:
Though they numbered but a thousand, they might die, but never yield.
As, of old, o'er Egypt's coast-lands spread the locusts far and wide,

So appeared that host of Zulus darkening all the mountain's side.
There was wily Cetewayo, with his chieftains young and old,
Smeared with paint, with plumes bedizened, decked with chains and rings of gold.
Round him pressed his dusky warriors, bearing shields of wondrous length ;—
Sons of Afric's burning deserts, proud in stature, frame and strength,
Armed with cruel, barbèd weapons, with the *assegai* and lance,
Destined to be dyed hereafter with th' Imperial blood of France.
As, among the southern islands, of a sudden monsoons rise,
And the leaden clouds of thunder haste across the darkling skies ;
All is quiet, nature's voices silent are, and hushed in fear,
And the deep appalling stillness presages a tempest near ;
Then the awful roar of thunder peals with soul-inspiring dread,
And the lightning flashes vivid, and the deep is dyed with red ;
While on high the whirlwind rages, and sweeps wide o'er sea and land,
And the waves, with unpent fury, lash the shore and shingly strand ;—
Thus, around was deathlike silence, and the echoes yet were still,
While, in crescent-shape advancing, came the Zulus down the hill.
In the camp, in martial order, had the British ta'en their stand,—
Bravely waiting their destruction, that devoted little band ;
But anon the word was given, and the cannon's thundering roar
Burst upon that awful stillness, and the heights knew rest no more :
And the balls made hideous breaches in each serried Zulu rank ;
But a comrade took position where the dying warrior sank ;
And, with steady steps and eager, onward pressed that dense array,
As the wolves, in northern climates, madly rush upon their prey.
Then, as by a signal given, darts and *assegais* they cast,
And, among the British soldiers, stricken men were falling fast.
Still they plied their guns with vigour, and the ground was heaped with slain ;
But the countless hordes of Zulus, nothing daunted, charged amain.
Thrice the Africans, with fury, rushed against the British height ;
Thrice the troops, though faint and weary, put their savage foes to flight.
Thus the battle was contested, while the sun in heav'n rode high,
And the British ranks were thinning ; and, alas ! no help was nigh.
But why ceased the cannon's roaring, and the bullet's whizzing sound?
Ah ! munition 's failed the gunner ; gone the rifleman's last round !
And the Zulu host exultant to the baggage-waggons pressed,
And, despite the brave defenders, soon the gunners' stores possessed.
As, of old, the Scots, at Flodden, fighting fell around their king :
So, about old England's colours, England's soldiers formed a ring.
With their bayonets and sabres, long they kept the foe at bay ;
But their numbers ever lessened, and no hope before them lay.
Then to save his country's honour sought the leader of the band,
And her colours he entrusted, with a faint and trembling hand,
To the care of two lieutenants, bidding them, with utmost speed,
Leave that direful scene of carnage, sparing neither strength nor steed.
With the colours wrapt around them, plunged they in the battle's tide,
'Midst the swaying mass of Zulus, who assailed on every side.
As, in wintry seas a vessel stoutly braves the tempest's might ;
Though the waves dash high around her, and the billows crested white
Leap upon her massive bulwarks, fold her in their cold embrace,
She escapes their fatal pressure, and outstrips them in her race :
So, among the savage warriors, right and left they cut their way ;
While the Zulus leaped upon them, striving their wild flight to stay,
And some seized the British colours, and would fain have dragged perforce
To the ground those sacred emblems, with the rider and his horse ;

But in hostile blood each gallant, to the hilt, had dyed his sword,
And, before their fiery chargers, yielded fast the Zulu horde ;
And among those surging masses had they hewn a ghastly lane,
And, then, soon, though wounded sorely, they were flying o'er the plain.
White with foam, with blood bespattered, flew the steeds more swift than wind,
And, with bounds of Thracian coursers, left pursuers far behind.
As they left the din of battle, evening's breeze bore to the ear,
From the field of Isandlwhana, the last dying British cheer.
As a stag, by huntsmen stricken, drags his weary length along,
And, with ever-failing vigour, seeks to die his haunts among :
So rode Melville and his comrade, faint with wounds, with fighting spent ;
While the sun, with fading splendour, rays of crimson lustre sent
Through the trees, upon whose branches perched the birds of plumage gay,—
Hushed their notes of blithesome music, waiting for the close of day ;
And among the grass and bushes swiftly sped the wily snake,
And the lion left the forest, at the pool his thirst to slake ;
Couched amidst the shady thickets, started oft th' affrighted hind ;
Naught disturbed the evening's quiet, save the sighing of the wind,
And the clatter of the chargers, as they hastened on their way,
Bearing their exhausted riders where a rushing river lay.
For nor ford nor ferry waiting, plunged they in the swelling flood,
And the waters hurried onward, crimsoned with the soldiers' blood.
As the panting steeds and weary struggled up the rocky shore,
Coghill, in his saddle reeling, sank to earth, to rise no more.
In his arms his comrade held him, as the sobs came thick and fast,
And the moonbeams fell around him, as the warrior breathed his last.
When, at length, the brave survivor sought his saddle to regain,
Staggering back he felt the death-damp, and in anguish dropped the rein,
Yet unwavering in his duty, as he sank upon the ground,
For a shroud, the British colours his poor frame he wrapped around.
Then her light of silver radiance shed the moon o'er heroes slain,
And the night-wind whistled hoarsely, as it hurried o'er the plain.
Little recked the soldiers' spirits ; for at last they were at rest,
And had ceased from war and fighting, in the mansions of the blest.

Thus, in Isandlwhana's battle, cherished they their country's name,
May their deed of self-devotion and their death be giv'n to fame !

O'er the spot, where fell the heroes on that fatal battle day,
Now, a simple cross erected bears the words their comrades pray :

Patriâ et pro Reginâ, Jesu Miserere !

GLIMPSES OF THE HISTORY OF OLD GILMANTON.

BY REV. J. E. FULLERTON.

The advantage of having a state magazine is obvious to one who glances over the volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY, and notices the valuable collection of articles on New Hampshire history.

Such a magazine serves as a magnet to draw out from the memories of the studious many a choice bit of history, and to collect, where many can read and enjoy, much which would otherwise be only the possession of the few. As in fireside conversation, the anecdote of one refreshes the memory of another, and connected history weaves itself; so, in a magazine which has interest enough in the state to open its pages for numerous and extended articles on local history, one story suggests another, and the history grows.

Great pleasure and profit are derived from the stories about our own state. The aged read of scenes which they but half understood as they viewed or heard of them in childhood. The busy mature, with no time to read the town histories or search the ancient documents, catch at a glance the most interesting parts of the history. The young learn to have a pride in their own state and an interest in her welfare, which means much for her future prosperity.

Old Gilmanton wishes a share of the notice which her sister towns are properly receiving.

She thinks she has a story to tell which is a part of the best history of the state. Her record is one of which all New Hampshire can be proud.

From the part of her old domain, now set off as the town of Gilford, she has sent thirty young men to preach the gospel. What town can boast a larger number of able and worthy sons prominent in the state?

Besides her own villages, she is the mother of the flourishing Gilford village, Belmont, and busy halves of Lake Village and the present Laconia.

Real history is something more than a list of names and dates. We wish to feel the breath of the men who lived before us, and to understand their hopes and fears and to enter into their struggles. If we ask how our fathers built the town, commencing with the question how they came to seek the wilderness and how little by little the wilderness became a fruitful farming town, the log huts gave place to comfortable houses, the schoolhouse and church arose, and the academy and seminary gave tone to society and intelligence to the young, we shall learn the true history.

What led our fathers to seek the wilderness? The same reason which is filling the rich prairies of the west with busy villages. By the deep fireplaces, where the long logs crackled in the winter evenings, the fathers and mothers discussed the question which brings the anxious look to the parents face to-day, "What shall we do with our daughters?" "What shall we do with our sons?" It is true they were people of simple tastes, with powers as far exceeding their necessities as the necessities of the luxurious child of to-day exceeds his powers.

The coarse home-spun was all the youth knew to play the fop with. Up with the dawn and tilling the field till dark, toil was second nature. The simple food of beans, or salt fish, with fresh meat as a special luxury, would be easily supplied. It was the pride of the maiden that the fabric of her own garments was woven by her own hand. With a lack of household conveniences which would paralyze the modern servants, the woman of the period was her own servant and so her own mistress.

With such powers and simple tastes

and necessities it would seem to be a simple question, what shall we do with our children. But it was not so simple. There was no Lawrence, with her thousands of spindles giving employment to the strong and the deft. There was no modern Boston, with her clerkships and stories of wealth; no railroads calling for freight men, with the promise of promotion. Farming must be the great employment.

That the farms of the parents could be broken up for the children was out of the question. The flocks of children were larger in New Hampshire in those days than many of the flocks of sheep are to-day. So a number of the fathers would seek the grant of a township together. The hives would swarm. The new town would grow up.

Gilmanton was huge. Eighteen miles was the length from Northfield, Canterbury and Loudon, to the Lake Winnipiseogee at the Weirs. In some places it was ten miles wide. It contained 83,500 acres. The old town included the present towns of Belmont, Gilmanton, Gilford and the portion of Laconia on the east side of the Winnipiseogee river.

The township was granted in 1727 to 24 persons by the name of Gilman, together with 153 others. Many of the shares were the gift of the government for service in the wars.

The character of the first proprietors and settlers will be the acorn determining the character of the full grown tree. A greater part of the early inhabitants came from Exeter. As Exeter was settled from Massachusetts, and was for some time under Massachusetts, the early settlers were embued with the ideas and habits of the state.

It is worthy of special notice that at least seventeen of the founders were college graduates; twelve of them ministers of the gospel. Others were men of note and influence in their old homes.

Though all the proprietors did not become settlers, their enlarged ideas in regard to the founding of schools and the early building of churches attracted the best class of citizens, and have given Gilmanton a proud record in the state.

The great attractions of the region to-day were the great hindrances to its early settlement.

The beautiful lake on its northern boundary was a favorite resort of the red man as it is of his white brother. The clear waters abounded with food for his scouting parties. The chain of lakes and rivers served as the B. C. and M. Railroad for the Canada Indians, as they made their dreadful incursions upon the white settlers.

Old Belknap was a point of observation which the savage climbed, not to revel in the wonderful view of lake dotted with green islands of mountain and valley, but to see where the curling smoke of some settler revealed the hope of a scalp.

It is not surpising that so exposed a spot was not settled till 1761, when the Indian wars were over.

We little realize the hardships and toils of the early settlers. Imagine all the iron work for the first saw-mill brought on horseback. Or think of the 26th of December, 1761, when Benjamin Mudgett and wife arrive in town. Think of it, oh ye who boast of an hour's walk as a great achievement. The last twelve miles, so the story goes, they came on foot and on snow-shoes. It is not strange that a mile from her journey's end the wife threw herself upon the snow, saying, "I may as well die here as anywhere; if I attempt to go farther it will kill me, and if I stop here I shall but die." She reached her home and lived seventy-three years after.

Imagine Jeremiah Richardson and John Fox and their families coming in March of 1763, from Exeter,—men and women, all on snow-shoes, the last twelve miles of the way. The men can drag along the heavy hand-sleds with some degree of laborious comfort. The women had a hard task to lift the snow-shoes, choose a safe place in the yielding snow, while carrying a baby in their arms.

The snow would give way. The

woman would sink and fall. The child would be laid on the snow, and the mother would recover herself, take up the child and go on. Before them, as the end of their journey, was the log hut, three families eating and sleeping in the one room.

Stout hearts and stouter bodies, strong wills and stronger health, those old settlers needed. Blame not their descendants if their constitutions are feeble and their nerves weak. Physical vitality cannot be entailed for posterity, like the property of England. The rigor of climate and frontier life consumed the nervous energies which their grand-children would have been glad to inherit.

The roads, and mills to saw their lumber and grind their grain, were the first public interests of the new settlers. The town was first surveyed, divided into sections of lots, in tiers called ranges. Dividing these tiers of lots from others would be range ways two or four rods wide, left as public property. When the roads were cut they would necessarily cross the farms of the citizens, and the town would vote a piece of the public land to the citizen to repay him for the loss. As oxen were few, and there were no carriages, a foot or horse path was sufficient for the first road.

The settlers would mark the trees by cutting the bark with an ax, clear out the bushes so that a person on horseback could pass, or an ox sled in winter, lay a log raft across the stream where they could not be forded, and the road was built. These were the highways. Private citizens would cut a narrower rougher path to their own farms. In 1761 a cart path was made from Epsom to the Gilmanton line. The men who cut the path were Orlando Weed, Jeremiah Connor, Benjamin and Thomas Edgerly, Joshua Bean, John and Benjamin Mudgett, John Page, Ephraim Morrill and Samuel Gilman.

The proprietors promised that as soon as there were ten families in town they would build a saw-mill and grist-mill. In 1761 the iron of the saw-mill was brought on horseback by Benjamin Connor, and the mill erected by Stephen Butler. In October, 1762, six pounds were paid by the proprietors for a man and a horse to bring the iron for the grist-mill from Amesbury. Rather expensive freight. Before 1763, when the grist-mill was finished, the settlers carried their grain 12 miles on horseback in summer, or on hand-sleds in winter. Much was probably carried by men on their own backs.

Our fathers were wise and regarded religious and educational privileges as of prime importance. Considering the exceptional caracter and intelligence of the proprietors, we should expect exceptional religious and educational advantages.

Few towns can boast that within one year and eight months from the first settlement, the minister, who was also school-master, was on the ground. The proprietors had promised to support a minister for the first ten years of the settlement. They were wise and fortunate in the selection of Rev. William Parsons, of South Hampton, who arrived in town Aug. 1, 1763, and remained ten years as preacher and school-teacher, and then to the end of his life as citizen. He came from a twenty years' experience in the ministry. He was himself one of the proprietors, and so had a personal interest in the welfare of the town. On horseback or on foot you might have seen the people coming to some private house or school-house to listen to the truth on Sunday, for no church edifice was built till 1774.

From the record of the seventh year of the settlement, we have the first account of public action in regard to schools. A resolution was adopted to hire a teacher eight months. From this time, for years even after he ceased to preach, Mr. Parsons was a teacher of the young.

Who can measure the influence of this intelligent, godly man upon the history of the town. The physician, Dr. William Smith, also taught the schools.

After the Revolution came Eliphalet Wood and Samuel Hidden, afterwards the apostolic minister of Tamworth; both of whom gained renown in the district schools, and left the influence of rare and noble men.

What a beautiful ideal picture it was, and what a rebuke to all the petty jealousy and rivalry of the sects in later times, when the effort was made to have one church and only one settled minister for all Gilmanton.

But where is the man of breadth of sympathy and culture sufficient to understand and teach and influence the various casts of mind and heart which God creates. The rose and the oak and the waving corn must be fed by the same elements from the earth, yet the sap must be according to the nature of each. So the mind of forethought and vigorous inquiring after the great principles of nature and of the government of God may need the same gospel required by the mind, emotional, ardent, careless of the future and of hidden forces. But how different the form of the gospel required.

What one man could hold a community together when all the little infelicities and mutual repellings of neighborhood life arise.

Our fathers in many towns, and Gilmanton among them, tried the experiment of calling one minister for the whole town. But differences in men's natures found expression and sought instruction in separate churches.

In May, 1774, Rev. Isaac Smith commenced to preach for the town in Jotham Gilman's barn. He represented the standing order, but many of the citizens, though taxed for their proportion of the $175 which the town voted him as salary, sought a different teacher.

In September of the same year, when the meeting-house erected by the town was raised, these citizens at their own expense raised a house of worship for a Baptist society. In 1775 it was agreed to omit, in the tax list, for the minister, all persons who should produce a certificate from the wardens of the Baptist church that they have attended that meeting three fourths of the time, and had paid their tax to that society.

They believed, these sturdy brave old farmers, that God had something to do with town affairs. On the 8th of August, 1774, the town voted to set apart Wednesday, the 17th inst, as a day of fasting and prayer in relation to the settlement of a minister. Rev. Mr. Smith was called to settle. He remained with them till his death, which occured the 25th of March, 1817.

The Baptists had no settled pastor for several years.

It seemed a little cruel that the settlers should be called upon to help in the expenses of a burdensome war before they had been able to cut the highways or build the school-houses, and that many should be called to the army who, with their best endeavors, had only gained the simplest necessities for their families.

But the fathers of Gilmanton met their duties in the war of Independence in the proper spirit.

In 1775 the population of the town was 796. Of these, 151 males between the ages of 16 and 50 were, according to the old rule, liable for military duty.

When the news of the battle of Lexington came, 12 hardy yeoman enlisted. Ebenezer Eastman, lieut.; Joshua Danforth, 2d sergeant; John Mudgett, corporal; Thomas Flanders, Stephen Dudley, Jr., John Folsom, Joses Moulton, Edward Sinkler, Thomas Frohock, Dudley Hutchinson, Levi Hutchinson, Benjamin Cotton, Jonathan Currier, Nathaniel Fox. These twelve were a part of the force sent up to Breed's Hill on the night preceding the battle of Bunker Hill to throw up an intrenchment, and during the battle were posted behind a fence with Col. Stark, "where they sorely galled the British."

The poets have sung the praises of the wife of Lieut. Eastman. Hearing the rumor of the battle at Church and that her husband was slain, she

took her infant child in her arms, mounted a trusty horse, and through the woods, guided often simply by the blazed trees which marked off what was called a road, she hastened forty miles to her father's in Brentwood. She leaves her child and hurries on the remaining fifty to Charlestown. The brave woman finds her husband alive.

The brave twelve returned after a service of three months and sixteen days.

Gilmanton was represented in 1776 by Capt. Joseph Badger, Ensign John Parsons, Corporal Bradbury Sinkler, Drummer Richard Sinkler, Fifer Joshua Sinkler, Privates Jeremiah Richardson, Robert Tibbits, Stephen Dudley, Jr., David Clough, John Avery, Thomas Currier, Jonathan James, Stephen Huckins, Nathaniel Dow, Jonathan Marstin, Jonathan Magoon, Samuel Maloon, John Drake, Ebenezer Garland, Jr., Winthrop Durgin, John Rawlings, Benjamin Burleigh.

Rev. Mr. Lancaster's History of Gilmanton tells us they joined the army of Canada and saw service at Ticonderoga and Mt. Independence. They served three years and three days.

Gilmanton's quota in 1777 was 20. Of these, 15 were enlisted from the town. Ezekiel Gilman, Thomas Currier, Moses Mills, Joses Moulton, John Taylor, John Dow, Benjamin Cotton, William Willey, Ambrose Thurston, Sargent Currier, Nathaniel Dow, John Clough, David Mudgett, Thomas Bail, Thomas Piper. These men enlisted for three years or during the war.

The next year a company of minute men, 35 in number, comprised of soldiers from Gilmanton and some surrounding towns, were ordered to the front and did good service.

From the committees chosen for important business, we learn who were the leading citizens. Jan. 7th, 1782, a committee consisting of Gen. Joseph Badger, Rev. William Parsons, Capt. Joseph Moody, Dea. Stephen Dudley, Col. Antipas Gilman and Col Joseph Badger and Benjamin Woodbridge Dean was chosen to examine and report on the new constitution formed at the convention at Concord. The town voted to reject the form of government. Joseph Badger was moderator twenty times in the first twenty-five years, town treasurer six years and clerk three. Dr. William Smith was was clerk twenty-four years. Mr. Badger was also selectman eleven years out of the first fourteen, and his son Joseph, Jr., and Samuel Greeley were the first representatives chosen in 1794. Samuel Shepherd was reëlected eleven times to represent the town. Some of our readers may be interested in a hurried glance at the numerous villages which have grown up in the old town.

Lower Gilmanton was the first region settled. Here lived the old lawyers, Stephen Moody, Esq., John Ham, Benjamin Emerson, and the old physicians, Dr. Silver, Dr. B. Kelley, and Dr. N. C. Tebbetts.

East Gilmanton was of importance. Here was the first Congregational church, and when Gilmanton became a shire town of Strafford county, the court was held in the meeting-house.

Iron Works or Averytown grew up from the operations in iron ore commenced in 1778. The ore was taken from Suncook or Lougee's Pond, in twenty feet of water. The working being unprofitable was discontinued. Here Senator James Bell practiced law and kept the post-office.

Gilmanton Corner has been the social and literary centre of the town. Gilmanton Academy was erected in 1796. In 1799 the county court began to be held in this village. Here Judge Ira A. Eastman commenced his practice. The Theological Seminary was opened in 1836.

Factory Village, now Belmont Village, receives its name from the brick factory erected in 1834. The town of Belmont was left by the separation of the lower part of Gilmanton from it in 1859.

Meredith Bridge Village, Lake Village and Gilford Village were set off in 1812, with the town of Gilford.

The first settler in Meredith Bridge

Village was Samuel Jewett, who came in 1777. He served at Bunker Hill. When he enlisted he was too short, but the enlisting officer run his hand through the soldier's hair and lifted it till it touched the pole under which the soldiers stood, telling him that what he lacked in inches he made up in grit. Daniel Avery who came in 1790, by his energy may be called the father of the village on the Gilmanton side.

Lake Village, for a time, boasted her iron works, the ore for which came from Gunstock mountain. On Gunstock brook, at the foot of the mountain, grew the rural village now called Gilford Village.

Gilmanton boasts her literature ventures. In 1800 appeared the *Gilmanton Gazette* and *Farmer's Weekly Magazine*. The *Rural Museum* appeared the same year. Both soon disappeared.

For four years from its first number, May, 1835, the *Sabbath-School Advocate* was issued. The *Parents' Magazine* was born in Gilmanton, September, 1840, but was early carried to Concord. In 1842 and 1843 the *Biblical Journal* was born and died. The New Hampshire *Repository* was the last venture.

Gilmanton Academy was chartered 20th of June, 1794. Peter L. Folsom, A. B., was the first preceptor, holding the position six years. The tuition was $1.00 a term.

The Academy was, for a while, one of the two principal institutions in the state, and numbers among its graduates many leading citizens. It was a part of the original design to have the Academy furnish a theological training for ministers. A department called Gilmanton Theological Seminary was formed in 1836, "to aid in providing an adequate supply of able, humble, zealous and laborious ministers of the gospel for the churches of the state and country, especially the feeble and destitute."

Rev. Aaron Warner and Rev. Charles Tenney served as professors of sacred rhetoric. Rev. Isaac Bird and Rev. Mr. Cogswell, D. D., professor of christian theology, Rev. Herman Rood and Isaac Bird, professors of sacred literature. Of the first class that graduated in 1838, Stephen Greeley now preaches in the old church, and Father Wallace "cuts a double swath down the broad isle," as the people expected him to do when he first went to Manchester. Long may he swing the scythe of an earnest, sympathetic, wise logic.

Gilmanton soil and climate have been especially favorable to the growth of churches. There have been three Congregational churches. The first, for years the town church, was incorporated in 1817 as the First Congregational Society. Rev. Luke A. Spofford succeeded Rev. Mr. Smith in 1819, and was succeeded in 1825 by Rev. Daniel Lancaster, who became pastor of the second church in 1835.

The Centre (Congregational) church, on the Academy grounds, was organized in 1826. Rev. Herman Rood became pastor the same year. Enjoying the audience from the Academy and the patronage of the Seminary this church has been the leading Congregational church in town. After Mr. Rood's pastorate, it was ministered to by Rev. Daniel Lancaster half the time till he became its pastor in 1835. Mr. Lancaster conferred a great benefit upon the town by compiling a laborious and accurate history, which must serve as the foundation of all future histories of the town.

The Iron Works Congregational Church was organized in 1829. The first pastor, Rev. Charles G. Safford, came in 1831 and remained till 1836. Rev. S. S. N. Greeley was pastor from 1839 till 1842.

The First Baptist Church was organized Nov. 16, 1773. The original male members were Orlando Wood, Thomas Edgerly, Thomas Mudgett, John Fox, Dudley Young, Samuel Weeks.

Sept. 18, 1776, the articles of faith were adopted.

June 15, 1780, Samuel Weeks was ordained preacher with this church.

In 1811 the church was divided. The upper church (Lake Village) called the second Baptist Church. The first church never enjoyed a communion after the division. But a new church was formed June 10, 1818. In 1842 a new house of worship was erected.

Four Free-Will Baptist Churches have been formed in Gilmanton. Elder Aaron Buzzel was the first preacher of the one formed near the Iron Works. The one at Gilford Village was formed by Elder Richard Martin, who seceded from the Calvin Baptist in 1797. The third (Lake Village) was founded in 1810 by Joseph Young, ruling elder, and Peter Clark, leading elder, and commenced with thirty members. They erected a meeting-house in 1811. The fourth (Province Road) was founded Nov. 6, 1816, by Elder John Knowles, and reorganized in 1837.

A Christian Baptist Society was organized in Factory Village in 1839, by Elder Richard Davis, and a house of worship erected in 1840. Elder Davis was succeeded by Elder Knight Allen and John Gillingham.

As early as 1807 a Methodist class was formed, which was continued with occasional visits of the circuit preachers till 1827, when a brick church was erected at Gilmanton Corner at a cost of $2,500.

A society of Friends was formed in 1780, which worships near Academy Village.

In 1811 a Union Meeting-House was built, which afterwards fell into the hands of the Laconia Congregational Church.

There is not opportunity in this brief glance to mention the sons of Gilmanton who have remained and honored the town at home. Gov. Badger was sheriff of the old county of Strafford; president of the Senate of N. H. two years, and Governor of the state. George G. Fogg, the father of the *Independent Statesman*, and Dr. Luther Bell, of McLean Hospital, have honored the town. Hon. Ira A. Eastman, grandson of Lieut. Eastman and his brave wife, has been speaker of the N. H. House of Representatives, a member of Congress, and a Judge on the Supreme Bench.

Brief and fragmentary as this outline has been, it has shown that Gilmanton represents much that is highest and most efficacious in building up the state.

The railroad in its royal gifts has overlooked the old town. The Theological Seminary has become a thing of the past. Her magazines are no more. The courts are held in a section now no more her own. Her farms have little power to keep her young men at home.

But who can tell her future. Blood tells. History has a tendency to repeat itself. The intelligence and character for which she has been famous,—may they long continue.

SNOW.

BY MARY WHITCHER.

What kindness of our Father,
To spread a mantle o'er
All dark and ugly features
Which face of nature bore.
All draped in lily whiteness
The rocks and mountains side,
Alike the vale and hill-tops,—
Thus would our Maker hide
Our darkest wrongs with whiteness,
Our errors and our sin.

If we, beneath the covering
Of mercy would come in,
This is the Lord's pavilion;
It covers all below,
As doth the rain and sunshine,
So doth the mantling snow.
O when shall we consider
What God for us hath done,
And in that loving kindness
Deal kindly with each one?

Shaker Village (Merrimack Co.), N. H.

CAPT. WILLIAM TULLOCK.

COMMUNICATED BY REV. SILAS KETCHUM.

JOHN TULLOCK, of Stromness, Orkney Island, Scotland, was a prominent merchant, and his wife was Jean Samdison. During the American revolution two of his ships, with heavy cargoes from Amsterdam, were captured off the coast of Scotland, by the famous John Paul Jones. These and other losses impaired his fortune, and he served as King's pilot north about Stromness. While acting as such in a naval engagement under Lord Nelson, a cannon ball passed so near as to paralyze his hand. The shock, it was thought, hastened his death, which occurred at Rochester, England, 6 Sept., 1800, when he was 56 years old.

CAPT. WILLIAM TULLOCK, son of the above, born at Stromness, 11 May, 1781, was early possessed of a passion for the sea, and sailed, when he was twelve years of age, in a vessel bound to Philadelphia, and thence as a cabin-boy to Portsmouth, N. H., in a vessel owned by Martin Parry, an eminent merchant of that town. In 1794 he commenced service with Capt. Samuel Pierce, of Portsmouth, and was there naturalized in the United States District Court, in March, 1805.

He rose rapidly in his profession, and was accounted an experienced navigator. His voyages previous to 1815 cannot be definitely traced. But a memorandum of those subsequent to that date, shows that he was constantly employed, was seldom in port longer than to discharge his cargo and reload, and that he sailed his vessels without disaster. He was in the employ of Ruben Shapley, Thos. Manning, Jacob Sheafe, Geo. Long, Titus Salter and others, and commanded ships, *Geo. Long* and *Manning*; brigs, *Sultania*, *Equator*, *Horizon*, *Success* and *Margaret*; schooners, *Brilliant*, *Two Sisters*, *Betsey*, *Victory*, *Enterprise*, and other vessels.

Sailing as master of the *Equator* from New York, 20 June, 1809, with a cargo of rice and tobacco, his vessel was captured off the port of Amsterdam, 8 Aug., by the French privateer *Nebe*, Capt. Jolly, under the Berlin and Milan decrees, and the ship and cargo were confiscated. Under the administration of Andrew Jackson, who insisted on a settlement with American claimants, the French government indemnified the owners for their losses.

He sailed 1 Jan., 1811, on a voyage from Portsmouth to Bath, Maine, and thence to Hull, England, in the brig *Horizon*, encountering severe gales and very heavy seas; the passage occupying sixty-four days, and obliging him to go into dry-dock for repairs. Returning, he arrived in Portsmouth 2 Sept., 1811, and was warmly commended for his seamanship.

From another voyage, made in the brig *Margaret*, Capt. Tullock returned to Portsmouth, 24 April, 1812. On the 26th of June following he took command of the privateer, *First Consul*. John Reding, Jr., father of Hon. John R. Reding, formerly Member of Congress from New Hampshire, was his first lieutenant, and the late Capt. Eben Lord was his steward. Full and interesting orders to govern his cruising, in the hand-writing of the late Hon. George Long, of Portsmouth, are still preserved.

During the war of 1812, while becalmed in the Bay of Fundy, the fog which had prevailed lifted, and the privateer captain found himself confronted by a British Man-of-war. Resistance was simply waste of life. Capt. Tullock surrendered, was taken to Halifax, and imprisoned on Amelia island, where he remained several weeks. He then succeeded with others in eluding the guards, swam to a

French fishing-smack at anchor, and escaped to the coast of Maine.

He was again captured on the schooner *Dart*, on a passage from Portsmouth to France, was carried to Portsmouth, England, and paroled to go to Reading, fifty-nine miles from London, whither he went to remain as a prisoner of war awaiting exchange. When this was effected does not appear, but he wrote from Reading, 20 May, 1813, expecting to be included in the next cartel. He was again taken prisoner by the British and paroled at St. Mary's on the Spanish Main.

In the famous "Sea Fencibles," a company organized in Portsmouth during the same war, to repel any sudden invasion of that port, and composed entirely of officers from the merchant marine, Capt. Tullock was an officer.

After the war Capt. Tullock sailed from Portsmouth for Rio Janiero, and had orders to bring home the guns and other property belonging to a Portsmouth privateer which had been condemned as unseaworthy. Returning with these on board, when in the latitude of the West India Islands, he was boarded by a British Man-of-war, and was informed that they were in pursuit of a noted pirate vessel which had captured several merchantmen in that vicinity. They described the vessel, and offered to convoy him if he desired protection; but the offer was declined.

Toward evening a vessel, answering the description, was descried bearing down upon him. Capt. Tullock had up the cannon from the hold, made temporary port-holes, and placed his guns in position on deck. Handspikes were dressed in sailors' clothes to give the appearance of a numerous crew. The pirate lay "off and on" during the night, and at daylight bore down upon the ship. When within good gun-shot distance Capt. Tullock rounded to, and delivered a well-directed broadside of langrange shot, which caused the pirate to put about with all speed; but Capt. Tullock continued to send his compliments after it, till the ship was beyond range. The cannon used in this emergency lay, not many years ago, near the Pier Wharf in Portsmouth.

Capt. Tullock when sailing the *Two Sisters*, in 1826, was chased by a pirate, but having the fleeter vessel escaped. The next year a piratical craft kept company with him many hours; but there being a heavy sea the pirates were unable to board him, and during the night he took leave of them.

When in command of the *Brilliant*, on a passage from Gibraltar to Havana in 1819, he discovered the rocks off the Formigas or Ants of the Azores, marked on the charts as "Tullocks Rocks." Purdy, the hydrographer, has the *Brilliant's* track over the Bahama Banks on his West India charts, and calls the shoals the "Brilliant Shoals."

On the 14th of July, 1825, Capt. Tullock sailed from Portsmouth in the ship *George Long*. The crew mutinied the first day out; he, however, returned to Portsmouth harbor, signalled the fort, and a squad of soldiers came on board and arrested the mutineers. The fear of the crew was that the ship was not seaworthy; but she was found on examination to be perfectly sound, and sailed again for Buenos Ayres, 21 July, with a new crew.

Gathering many curious articles in his foreign voyages, he contributed many of them to the museum of the Portsmouth Athenaeum, a collection in which many of the old ship-masters interested themselves.

On the 15th of March, 1829, he sailed from Portsmouth in the *Enterprise* for Jeremie, West India, for a cargo of mahogany, and died at that port very suddenly, 3 June, 1829.

Capt. Tullock married (1) at Portsmouth, 14 Dec., 1802, Eunice Tuttle, who died 5 Feb., 1806, leaving one son, William S., since deceased; he married (2) 29 March, 1809, Statira, sister of Capt. Thomas Manning (a patriot citizen and merchant of Portsmouth), who died 20 Dec. 1813, leaving no children; and (3) 17 April,

1815, Mary Neal, widow of Capt. John Barnes, who died 25 July, 1846, leaving three children: Robert Neal, Thomas Logan and Mary Jane, all of whom were young when their father died.

The second of the above is the Hon. Thomas L. Tullock, Assistant Postmaster of Washington City, D. C., formerly Secretary of State of New Hampshire, a man of life-long service in public affairs, of wide connections, and a national reputation.

LILACS.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

Anear the school-house where I learned to spell,
Just up the hill, and on a little way,
There stood a house where sunbeams brightest fell—
Or so I fancied—and made longest stay.

Time stained and old, with moss be-sprinkled roof,
And green things crowding close on every side.
Lombardy poplars watching it aloof,
Hugging themselves as with ancestral pride.

It squarely faced the sunny south, and turned
Sharp angles to the public way near by,
As some wise people, having once discerned
The truth and light, will custom's ways defy.

Tall lilac bushes grew each side the door,
So tall they reached above the drooping eaves;
And thick along the wall were many more,
With wealth of bloom and satin sheen of leaves.

I looked across the yard with hungry eyes
One dewy morn when walking all alone,
And thought—what bliss if I could gain the prize
Of one fair branch, and call it all my own!

Up through the garden walk, with footsteps light,
A lady came, in Quaker garments dressed;
With smooth gray hair beneath a cap, snow white,
A spotless kerchief pinned across her breast.

"What does thee want?" she said. Her voice was low,
And fell like music on my childish ear,
While the sweet smile that made each feature glow
Won all my heart, and banished every fear.

She filled my hands with blooms. I watched her face,
Wond'ring if angels wore that kind of look,
Till on my brain each line had left its trace,
Clear and distinct as picture in a book.

I never saw her more; but all these years,
When lilac bushes deck themselves in spring,
Framed in their purple her calm face appears,
Nor ever fails a pleasant thrill to bring.

THE DIPLOMA OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE WEBSTER ELM AND WELL. MEADOWS, THE ENGRAVER; HIS CONFINEMENT IN THE VERMONT STATE PRISON; THE APPLICATION FOR HIS PARDON VETOED BY GOV. WILLIAMS; GRANTED AFTERWARDS BY GOV. ERASTUS FAIRBANKS. MEADOWS' REFORM.

BY HON. GEO. W. NESMITH, LL. D.

Early in the year of 1851 the directors of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society voted to furnish an appropriate diploma for the use of the society. The task was imposed upon the president and secretary to provide it.

Their first object was to procure a good steel plate engraving from an artist, with proper matter and emblems impressed thereon. Upon inquiry we ascertained that one of the most accomplished engravers was then confined in Vermont's state prison. His name was Meadows. He had been employed by the famous "*Bristol Bill*" in the business of counterfeiting money, and while thus engaged both were detected in Groton, Vt., and were tried, convicted and sentenced to the state prison in Windsor, Vt., and were then and there suffering the just penalties of the law. Our secretary, John S. Walker, Esq., was authorized to visit Meadows and engage his services. The efforts of Mr. Walker were seconded by the kind aid of Mr. Harlow, the warden of the state prison, so that for a moderate compensation Meadows agreed to execute a plate for us in his best style of workmanship. Meadows suggested that he prized liberty much higher than money, and if we would engage to procure his pardon he would most certainly furnish us a more perfect article. Whereupon, Mr. Walker pledged himself that the officers of the society would use their honest exertions to secure, if possible, his liberation from his imprisonment. We were also required to furnish suitable designs for the plate. He was provided with Ceres with her golden sheaf, and the Goddess of Liberty with her symbolic cap. Another part of the plate had a good representation of the horse, the ox, cow and sheep, with many fine specimens of the feathered tribe, &c. Meadows remarked there was still room for the delineation of a tree, and required us to furnish a sketch of such a one as we might select.

We had a temporary resident in Franklin at that time, by the name of Almonte. He was a painter by profession. He was not successful in giving us a true graphic picture of the "human face divine," but had a happy talent in sketching a tree or landscape. We located him at the birthplace of Daniel Webster with the request to draw out, in his best manner, the stately elm tree, which had been planted over the well of sweet water by his honored father nearly one hundred years before, together with the well curb below, and the well sweep above, fastened to a limb of the tree, all which were necessary appendages thereto. Here was a well of uncommon cool and pure water, and it was the uniform custom of Mr. Webster never to pass by it without enjoying its refreshing power. Upon two different occasions, in the autumn of 1851, while Mr. Webster was enjoying his visit at Franklin, we partook with him the cool, pure water from this famous old well. At one of these times, after quaffing off his cup, in the exhilaration of the moment, he exclaimed, "This is sweeter than *Hybla's honey*,

The gods never enjoyed *nectar* like this." Above us the old elm sent out its wide spreading branches about sixty feet from its trunk, dispensing its fragrance around. We heard the well say to this tree :—

I give my pledge to this good old elm tree,
That has so long spread his branches o'er me,
That if you will longer lend your shade,
Most surely you shall be well repaid,
And thus let the world around us see
That we still live in love and unity.
Now let us sing to the brave hero, who planted us here
Though his *light* is gone out, his *memory* is still dear.

We seem to hear Mr. Webster, as he alluded to his well, sing :—

"We have a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stone
Were falling constantly;
And there never was water half so sweet
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep,
That my father's hand set up;
And that deep old well, oh! that deep old well,
I remember now the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell."

After the interval of a few days, Meadows returned his plate, giving us a diploma, which afforded to the practiced eye of Mr. Webster a very exact transcript of his favorite elm tree.

Thus far he had been a stranger to our efforts to give notoriety to it through the skill of the artist. He at once remarked upon seeing it, "This is a true resemblance of the tree at my birthplace. Who is the engraver, that has done this? Where does he dwell? I have been searching for such a man. We want him at the State Department to engrave some maps." We gave him our account of him. His next question was, "Why do you bury your best talents in your state prisons? Is Meadows an old offender?" Our answer was that Dr. Wm. J. Walker of Charlestown had informed us that he was the most finished engraver in New England. He knew him at Boston, and he was a quiet, inoffensive man in private life, but was over confiding and was likely to be led astray, when guided by the plastic hand of a cunning, designing man like Bristol Bill. We then told Mr. Webster that we were pledged to procure a pardon for Meadows, provided he executed for our society a satisfactory plate, and asked him if he would consent to lend his aid. To this proposition he gave his willing consent. Accordingly, he soon afterwards addressed a letter to Hon. Charles K. Williams, then governor of the State of Vermont, praying for the pardon of Meadows. On the 5th day of December, 1851, we made a similar request. On the 18th of the same December, Gov. Williams returned a respectful answer declining to liberate Meadows, assigning as reasons :

1st. That it was not usual to grant pardons to convicts who had served so short a proportion of the term of time for which they were sentenced.

2d. That he had instituted an inquiry into the character of Meadows, and found he was guilty of a *second offence*, for which he was now suffering, and for this reason, he must decline to interfere in his behalf.

These reasons appeared satisfactory to us, and hopes of freedom by Meadows were suspended for a time. Hon. Erastus Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, was the immediate successor of Gov. Williams. In the spring of the year 1853 Gov. Fairbanks informed us that he had found our letters to Gov. Williams in the Executive Department at Montpelier, wherein we had solicited the pardon of Meadows, and that he intended to investigate thoroughly the whole case, and that Meadows then had served out about half of his sentence. Gov. Fairbanks informed us soon afterwards that he had made up his mind to pardon Meadows and had assigned the 4th of July as the time to execute his purpose, that he had invited the wife of Meadows to be then present. Accordingly, when that day arrived, Gov. Fairbanks repaired to Windsor, delivered his pardon to Meadows, and what was better, contributed one hundred dollars towards a new dwelling in Windsor for Meadows, and procured other liberal gentlemen to pay their money, by means of which a home and a decent livelihood was afterwards procured for him, and enjoyed by him during the remainder of his life. His subsequent career was

respectable. He avoided his old companions. Friends furnished him employment in his profession. We have seen in and about Windsor and Hanover many trophies of his genius, and we believe he led the life of substantial reform. He died some years since. One great object of this communication is to show the kind and degree of influence and help which may be found necessary to reclaim the *talented prisoner*, who may be even guilty of the *second offence*. The remedy is found in the *total abandonment* of bad companions and in the timely *aid* of friends.

MAID MARIAN.

BY ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON.

Not she who wore the kirtle green
  In merry England's famous wood,
The happy-hearted bandit queen,
  Maid Marian of Robin Hood.
My darling bears her gentle name
  In lands unknown to ballad fame;
No bugle winds, nor hunter calls,
  Where tower her father's palace halls.

All day she trails her silken skirt
  Of Lincoln green o'er marble floors,
And trembles if the breezes flirt
  Rose-petals 'gainst the bolted doors:
Where oft her dainty feet must cross
  Lie fleecy carpets, soft as moss;
And carven ceilings proudly spread
  Their snowy garlands o'er her head.

Maid Marian, at ease reclined,
  Cares naught for forest rangers bold:
One dream is dearer to her mind
  Than all the simple rhymers told;
For me, I swear, when e'er the shine
  Of those soft eyes enkindles mine,
To shield her close, come weal or woe,
  From every breath the winds may blow.

My mother, when I bring her home,
  Will ask me what my love can do;
If she can spin the flax alone,
  Or help her maids to bake and brew;
And when with idle, lily hands
  The little sprite before her stands,
Oh tell me, tell me what to say
  To charm my mother's scorn away.

To say? What clumsy words of mine
  Prevail as do the maiden's eyes?
What answer could my thought design
  To match her lips, for sweet replies?
No heart, though steeled to pretty wiles,
  Can brave the beauty of her smiles;
And thus, with winning graces drest,
  My love shall plead her cause the best.

AN ELEGANT DESCRIPTION OF THE EMPRESS MARIE, WIFE OF EMPEROR PAUL, OF RUSSIA, BY MADAME LE BRUN.

CONTRIBUTED BY HON. GEO. W. NESMITH.

The Empress Marie was a handsome woman. She was tall and commanding, with splendid fair hair.

I remember seeing her once at a ball, with her beautiful curly locks falling each side of her shoulders, surmounted with a coronet of diamonds. This tall, stately figure rose majestically by the side of Paul, forming a striking contrast. A noble disposition was added to so much beauty. The Empress Marie was really like the woman spoken of in the Bible, and her virtues were so well known that she, perhaps, was the only woman whom Calumny dared not to attack. I confess I felt proud at being honored by her notice, and the nice ways by which she always showed her kindness.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT.—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

IV.

The castle presented all the marks of ancient wealth and of a decay already dating from a remote period. The approach was by a drawbridge, long since immovable, leading straight to a door defaced by age, whose leaves swung with difficulty on the rusty hinges. Built in the rich, solemn, somewhat affected style of the stadtholder, William III, the edifice was composed of a great central part, of a circular form, relatively better preserved than the rest, and two wings stretching out behind, which seemed to be uninhabited and even uninhabitable. The window-glass was for the most broken, and in some places replaced by gray paper. Broken vases, in which aloes struggled for life, adorned the broad flight of steps which led to the entrance. Captain Rolfe came to meet us. Blue jacket and pantaloons; waistcoat buttoned to the chin; black stock, which seemed to be a part of his skin; all, without speaking of the order of Willem and of the iron cross, with which he was decorated, nor of the fatigue cap, worn askew over one ear, all betokened the old soldier. He must have passed his fiftieth year, but his hair was still brown, and the stiffness of his long pointed moustache denoted an immoderate use of cosmetics. He had a ruddy complexion, brown and dull eyes, rough features, with something sensual in his thick lips, and something common in his short fat chin. He dragged one leg after him with some difficulty, leaning on a cane; he had a German pipe in his mouth and he greeted us in this singular fashion:

"Well, Major, you have taken a prisoner. As for us, we have had a devil of a breakfast, waited a half an hour, the eggs hard, beafsteak like leather, the General in a bad humor, and all because our young lady chose to ride on horseback at the wrong time, to come back on foot to headquarters and to bring there in triumph the hero of this fine adventure."

"All that, Captain," answered Frances, "because your Major, do you understand? your Major has had the pleasure of meeting Leopold de Zonshoven, her cousin: let that suffice, and if you have any more complaints to make, enter them on the report."

Thereupon I followed her into the vestibule, where a servant received us with a military salute, and ushered us into a large saloon, hung with gilded leather, where the General was sleeping in an arm-chair with a high back.

Instead of the bully whom I had imagined, according to the accusations of my old aunt, I saw a little thin old man, whose countenance had an air of distinction, in a dressing gown of worn damask. His nose was long and small, his lips thin and pale, his eyes, which opened on my entrance, of a clear blue, with an expression of continual drowsiness or fatigue. His hands were white and dried up, with the veins very distinct. On his finger he had a large gold ring, with a carnelian seal, on which was engraved his coat of arms, which served for a seal, and which he continually played with, even when speaking, with a certain nervous agitation. Frances told him my name and intentions.

"A relative! Mr de Zonshoven! Ah! yes, I remember," said he, with some embarrassment, which showed that his recollections were very vague. Nevertheless, he invited me to sit down while Frances asked the Captain if there was any breakfast left for two famished pedestrians. I was obliged to content myself with a bit of cold

meat, and a glass of port wine, which the captain produced in honor of the "gentleman." Suddenly the said captain placed himself before me and said in the most flippant tone, "Let me look at you at my ease; a young man who, like you, has found favor with our Major, must have something peculiar."

I was hesitating whether I should answer this impertinence as I had the right to, when the General intervened in an authoritative tone: "Rolfe," said he, "there are pleasantries that are allowable between us; but you forget that we are not alone, and you are wanting in the respect you owe to Miss Mordaunt."

"Excuse me, General. You ought to have given me my orders in advance. Now, I shall not forget."

It was clear to me that the Captain had long been accustomed to these vulgar familiarities and that I ought not to take them too seriously. He did his best to make amends for his fault by drinking my health cordially. I eat as rapidly as possible in order to renew my conversation with the old General. Frances had in the meantime gone out. The General of his own accord recalled me to his armchair. "Tell me, young man," said he to me, "is this the first time you have met my grand-daughter?" "The first time, General." and I gave him a rapid account of my pilgrimage in the vicinity of the castle. "So much the better," said he, with a sigh of relief, "Frances has excellent qualities, I can assure you, but she has her peculiarities and even her little oddities. She is not afraid to speak bluntly and likes to brave it out. That has cost her more than one friendship, and I was afraid that she had to make amends to you for some momentary wrong." I protested the contrary. "Then explain something to me," he continued, "Frances says that you are a relative, and in fact, I recollect having heard sometime of a Zonshoven related to my deceased wife. It was so long ago—" "My grand-mother, General, was one of Roselaer young ladies." "That is it, and did not she marry a Frenchman?" "A Belgian, General, Beuen d'Hermaele." "Ah, yes, but that was in the time of the French, when we did not look so closely into nationality. Our differences with Miss Sophia prevented us from making his acquaintance. The two made their home in Belgium, and later, under William I, I learned that the Baron d'Hermaele stood very well at court." "It was that which cost him his life," I added, "for he was faithful to his prince during the Belgian revolution, his mansion was pillaged by the populace, and he himself was killed in the tumult." "And what became of his widow and children?" "The widow returned to Holland with her son and seven daughters, the eldest of whom married my father, the chevalier de Zonshoven. I am their only son."

"Then I am your great-uncle, young man."

"That is the way I make it, and that is the reason why—"

"You don't come to talk to me about family matters, I hope?"

"But, uncle, we can talk about family matters without necessarily bringing in anything disagreeable."

"Humph! you are a Zonshoven, a stranger to all the old feuds of the Roselaers. Treasures have been engulfed in the law suits they stirred up. Frances and I still suffer on account of them. You see if you come to bring any new burden for Frances or any humiliation for me — I know what it is, the validity of my marriage in Switzerland is disputed. Be a gentleman; share her this trial of which she knows nothing. Perhaps, old and feeble as I am, I might find some means of stopping the gap; but be frank and tell me plainly—"

"I assure you, General, that my whole desire, as I have already promised Miss Mordaunt, is to save you from everything disagreeable, I simply desired to renew the too weak bonds of relationship, and my earnest wish is that a Zonshoven may have the good fortune to heal the wounds made by the Roselaers."

"Many things would be needed for that. In the first place we should want a deal of money. And, pardon me, if I am not mistaken, the Zonshovens were not rich."

"True, General. My grand-mother and her children barely lived on the pension given to the widow of Baron d' Hermaele, and this pension died with her."

"And the king did nothing for her daughters?"

"What could you expect, uncle? The only son received a strong support, but died in the flower of his age. Could the king remember his sisters? Besides we did not like to beg for favor, and up to the present time, we have managed our own affairs as we could."

"You surprise me, nevertheless at the present time there is a Zonshoven who is minister of foreign affairs."

"He is my paternal uncle, but I have very little respect for him. He married for money; he married millions and a coffee-colored young lady, who brought them from the Indes, without any education, mind or even heart. I am on bad terms with him and shall continue to be, for I must humble myself before him to recover his good graces."

"Always the way with the Roselaer blood."

"Pardon me, General, I am not vindicative, but I am proud. Poor and tenacious of my independance, I have lived soberly, without factitious wants. I have never sacrificed my liberty, and to tell you the whole, I value that even more than my noble blood."

"Bravo! well said!" came a voice from the other end of the saloon, which was none other than that of Frances, who had returned without my noticing her.

"Frances," replied the old General in a bitter tone, as if this exclamation of his grand-daughter had burst upon his ears with the sound of a reproach, "it is hard at my age to be forced to bear even indirect accusations,—eh!"

At this moment, the captain reappeared to propose to the old Baron a game of piquet, thinking, as he said with a certain irony, that the General had had his family interview and his usual remedy for melancholy would be welcome; but the General declined, and Frances ordered the Captain to go after her riding whip, which she had dropped on the heath, near the woods. "A droll task you give me there," he replied in a somewhat bad humor, "still, since you care for it, and I am not in service to-day, I will try."

"You are a little despotic," said I to Frances, who smiled.

"Ah, sir, this is nothing," replied the vassal, who had become submissive, "when Miss Major was a child, it was entirely different, and she has made me see stars."

"Just because you spoiled me, your punishment is severe to-day. Give me your hand, old Rolfe, I do not yet promise you absolution, but a truce."

The old soldier took the hand she held out. His eyes were moist; I discovered a strong affection under this uncouth envelope, and ashamed of his emotion, he wished to beat a sudden retreat. Suddenly he turned back and approached Frances. "I know very well that I disturb you, but better I than Fritz. The gentleman's coachman asks at what hour he intends to return." And I heard him add in a low tone, "I have been and had a review of the turkeys and there is only one that could be put on the spit, but not to-day—"

I hastened to intervene, "I ask nothing better than to pass the day here; as for dinner, I claim pot-luck."

"Certainly you will dine with us," said the General; "will he not, Frances?" added he speaking to his grand-daughter, who acquiesced after a little hesitation.

"And even I think that he had better pass the night in the castle rather than leave to-night by our bad roads."

"But where shall we lodge our relative; We have no chamber."

"Come now," interjected Captain Rolfe, "we could lodge a company."

"Of your comrades, perhaps," replied Frances, with a little bitterness,

" but our relative, accustomed to the mansions of the Hague—"

"Your relative is accustomed to a furnished room in a modest house, Frances, and knows perfectly well how to sleep on the first straw mattress that comes."

The old Baron plainly suffered from the suggestions of Frances.

"Very well, so be it," said she, "you wish to stay here; stay, I will try to find for you a chamber where the glass is not all broken. Captain, you are relieved from the task of going after my riding-whip. To-day you shall discharge the duties of quarter-master. Forward, march." And taking him by the arm, she led him out of the saloon.

She came back a few minutes later, while her grand-father sought to palliate what was so little encouraging in the reception I had met. The manner of Frances towards me had again become cold, haughty, indicating even spite and irritation. Nevertheless she made a great effort to control herself, and, as the weather was now fine, she proposed that we three should take a walk in the garden.

Behind the castle was an old bird-house, towards which we bent our way. The bird-house, very dilapidated like all the rest, was now only a poultry-yard, ruled over by the captain. Ascending, we came to a kiosk in the shape of a cupola, in the style of the 18th century, ruined by dampness, and which only served to protect against the north winds those who wished to sit on the worm-eaten benches. For compensation, once there we enjoyed a magnificent prospect over the heath and the undulations of land which succeeded each other as far as the eye could reach. Frances did not tire of admiring this landscape at once strange and simple; but I saw that her grand-father was given up to quite different thoughts than those of picturesque beauties. All these lands, the neighboring woods, the barns, whose roofs could be seen, all had formerly constituted the domain of castle Werve, all ought to revert to his grand-daughter, and he would not leave her an inch of land.

"By the way, nephew," said he abruptly, "what became of the six other d'Hermaele young ladies, your mother's sisters?"

"Oh! grand-pa, you wish to know if cousin Leopold has still a chance of becoming rich, if there is not on that side some aunt to inherit from!"

"The question is easily answered," I hastened to reply, "three died a long time ago; two others are very well married, for they did not hesitate at a misalliance, but they have children; I have also an aunt Sophia, whom the rest of the family and myself support as well as we can."

"Ah! an aunt Sophia! Did they by chance have the bright idea among the d'Hermaele of giving for a godmother that old sorcerer Sophia Roselaer??"

"Perhaps, General, but I don't certainly know. My mother spoke very little about the past history of her family."

"Still it seems that she has not chosen her for her heir. Without doubt, you, Leopold, like us, did not receive any communication of her death and were not invited to her funeral? So far as I am concerned, I am quite indifferent, or rather, I expected it. Still I don't understand why she has carried her hate so far as to disinherit the only grand-daughter of her sister."

"As to me," said Frances in a tone of pleasantry, "I have never expected anything from her. And yet who knows? If I had wished— I only met her once in my life and it seems that the first interview one has with me, does not leave a very favorable impression (she glanced maliciously at me). Finally it only depended on me to prolong the acquaintance, and who knows if at this moment Major Frank is not brilliantly remembered in the will?"

"What! you have seen the old chatter-box?" broke in Gen. Von Zwenken, "and never said anything about it. When and where did you meet her?"

"At the beginning of this year, when I was obliged to go to Utrecht on a certain business that cousin has no need to know—"

"She never wants anyone to know the good she does," murmured the General.

"Bah! It was a very simple duty I had to perform. I was going to consult Dr. D—— about a poor insane woman. When I came to the doctor's door, I had a dispute with his servant, who thought it best to put me off till the next day on the pretext that the hour for consultation was over, and that her master was at breakfast with his family. I got on my high horse, and intimidated the dolt so successfully that he did not dare to refuse to carry my card to the doctor. He ordered that I should be brought in; I found him, in fact, breakfasting with two ladies who were introduced to me, one as his sister, and the other as his friend; he politely invited me to share in the very simple repast, and as I was voraciously hungry, I accepted without demure. I soon noticed that the lady friend watched me with her black eyes, which seemed to pierce me through and through. Her conversation was amusing. She cut right and left without pity; that provoked me, one word brought on another, until we were almost quarrelling. It was my great-aunt Sophia herself, as I learned a little later. But just fancy, the malicious elf managed to introduce her own name into her scandal and to ask me if I knew her and what I thought of her! I simply said that I had heard her spoken of, that there had been differences between her and my parents, but that I did not think it right on that account to attack her behind her back before strangers. She replied that I was right. The doctor did not seem at his ease, and broke up the interview by inviting me into his office. The consultation over, as I was leaving, I met the old lady in the vestibule; she asked me to go with her a little ways, as she was going to call on a friend, at whose house her carriage was to meet her. I consented, but I now knew who she was, and I was on my guard, especially when she invited me to pass a day with her, I declined—"

"That was impolite and imprudent," interrupted the General.

"It was in accordance with the spirit of all your relations with her, grand-papa, and I don't know how she took my refusal; but she hardly had time for reflection. A company of students, of those who are more regular in their attendance at the club than at their lectures, began to follow us and amused themselves with remarks, which were not very flattering. It is true that my toilette was very careless and that the old lady, with her impossible hat and her plaid shawl, looked very much like a caricature. It is certain that our appearance, and especially the hat, so excited these gentlemen that they gave free vent to their witticisms. I began to tremble, but controlled myself and knew how to tell them to their faces, that it was disgraceful and a great shame for young gentlemen to conduct themselves like street Arabs. My remarks were not badly received. The fact is that they retired somewhat penitent, and some of them even stammering excuses. We were then quite near the house of Van Beck, the notary, where Miss Roselaer was going, and she did not leave me without thanking me with some warmth for my protection and presence of mind. If I had known, grand-papa, that the account of this little scene would have amused you, you should have been regaled by it three months ago; but I was afraid that you would be vexed on hearing that I had met with aunt Sophia."

"And you never heard anything more from her?" asked Gen. Von Zwenken.

"No, and yet I have reason to believe that she wished to oblige me. I had been obliged to make arrangements at Utrecht for the treatment which my poor insane woman needed. The great question was one of money, and I confess to you that it troubled me; but that same evening I received

a note from Dr. D——, saying that the difficulty was removed by a rich lady friend who desired to remain unknown. That is all the result of my meeting with aunt Sophia, and that is why I have some reason for being astonished that she has included me in the hate she felt towards our family."

"That woman was capable of everything," grumbled the General.

For me all was cleared up. It was plain that my great-aunt had changed her will after this incident, about two months before her death. I felt myself more bound than ever to do my best to realize her intentions. I must conquer. I must marry Frances, and I must confess that this prospect did not greatly repel me. This upright and strong character, this solid yet delicate mind, her original and piquant beauty animated me with already passionate desire of asking her hand; still I must wait and see. There was more than one disturbing mystery in her past history, which I must have cleared up at any cost, and then how can I dispose of her aversion to marriage, to men, and even to society? But to tell all now, as I for a moment wished, would be to risk all. Once having given her refusal, she was a woman to suffer torture rather than withdraw it. I must wait, take advantage of a happy chance, study. Our conversation was interrupted by Fritz, who came for the Captain, and making a military salute, to remind Frances that she was wanted for the pudding sauce, and to prepare the dessert. She excused herself and left me alone with the General. I availed myself of that circumstance to get an invitation to stay longer. Fritz was ordered to take me to a room which was allotted to me. I ascended by a broad oak staircase to the second story of the left wing, and I entered a large chamber, containing a large antique bed, with red mohair curtains. I was surprised at the comparative obscuurity which prevailed there. The room was, or at least ought to have been lighted by three large windows; but the shutters of the two corner windows were closed, and those of the middle window were only half open. There were no curtains and the glass in two closed windows was nearly all broken

I comprehended the situation. The light near the one serviceable window was sufficient, a single broken pane was replaced by a sheet of white paper. My eyes became accustomed to the twilight and I recognized the venerable relics of a beautiful chamber in the style of Louis XV, with painted wainscot and panels, very much defaced by dampness and rats; a large sofa, covered with worn red damask, with here and there a hole; chairs of various patterns, not one of which seemed to be very safe; a table standing on three bears' feet, whose claws had once been gilded, and with a top of mosaic marble, several pieces of which were missing. Under an antique mirror, in which nothing could now be seen, was a plain modern wash-stand, which had evidently been brought in for my use. The view, obtainable from my only window, was very fine. It was a beautiful landscape of Guilders, heightened by the ruins of an old castle, outlined on the horizon. I was already making all sorts of plans as owner, for the alteration and beautifying of all this fallen grandeur, always with the reservation: if Frances approved,—when a bell was rung to announce dinner, and I hastened to descend with the military punctuality which was evidently one of the customs of the house.

I was curious to see if Frances deigned to make any change in her dress. Alas! my hope was not realized. Her magnificent hair was carelessly enclosed in a silk net, which seemed ready to break under the weight. She had not changed the old violet blouse, which had replaced her riding-habit, and a frightful worn out shawl was wrapped around her neck as if on purpose to conceal its beautiful form and color. Was she aware how disappointed I was? Her beautiful eyes looked at me as if to say, "Understand that I don't care in the least what kind of an impression I make on you."

In other respects she discharged her duties as mistress of the house with a great deal of prestige and zeal. I was even obliged to let her change the plates herself, since Fritz did not reappear after he brought in the dishes. To my great surprise the dinner was abundant and even elegant. An excellent soup, roast beef, choice preserves, chicken with rice, the famous pudding, for which Frances had made the sauce, a complete dessert; there was a bill of fare which I could not reconcile with the apparent narrow circumstances of my hosts. Wine of different brands, and the best of the kind, succeeded rapidly under the generous hands of the Captain, and with prolonged commentaries of Gen. Von Zwenken on their age, their qualities, their origin. Necessarily accustomed to a great sobriety, I was more than once obliged to afflict him by my abstinence. The china was old, niched, and replaced from time to time by commoner ware. The linen damask, very fine, represented the marriage of the infanta of Spain, and was made in that period. During its many years' service it had suffered more than one rent, which were very poorly mended. The silver was certainly reduced to the indispensable number, for Frances sent away and had brought back the same pieces more than once during the dinner. On the other hand, the glass was remarkably fine and elegant. I learned from the Captain that the General only enjoyed good wine in choice glass, and that as the the lady-commandant was very indifferent on this point, it was he who took care to keep his side-board in good condition.

I noticed, in the course of this gastronomical conversation, that there was a latent contest between Frances, who drank only water, and the Captain, who not only drank only wine, but also systematically approved of everything which could increase the relative luxury of the table. She even made a half allusion to the disproportion there was between this kind of prodigality and the available resources; the old General seemed to think the Captain entirely right. "Luxury is a necessity," said he, sighing. He drank a great deal and his pale cheeks became highly colored from the effect of the wine. During the dessert, Frances rang for Fritz to pass the cigars, and, in spite of furious signals from her grand-father, withdrew to the neighboring parlor, where I could follow her with my eyes, thanks to a large mirror before me.

I saw her throw herself on an old sofa, stretch her hands over her head and bite her lips as if to restrain her sighs. For the second time in the day I saw her beautiful hair escape from its prison and fall down on her shoulders. She remained there, her lips set, her eyes closed, immovable, like a statue of sadness. I did not take my eyes off of her while the Captain told me a story without end of his campaigns in Belgium, and while the General gently slumbered, I recollect that just at the moment when the Captain had seized a Belgian flag, I saw Frances burst into tears and carry her handkerchief to her face to conceal her sighs. I could not restrain myself longer, I left the Captain to his exploits and his brandy, threw away my cigar, and joined Frances.

She was at first a little disturbed at seeing that she was thus taken by surprise, but quickly recovered herself.

"You can smoke, if you like, when you are talking with me," she said, forcing a smile.

"That is not my custom before—," I wanted to add "ladies," but the word stuck in my throat.

"Come, I am not foolish on this point, you know very well. Do you wish me to make you a cup of coffee? These gentlemen do not take it. They drink and smoke until—"

It was her turn to stop, not knowing how to finish her phrase. "Tell me immediately," she resumed with animation. "Do you know now why I show so little hospitality?"

"Listen, Frances, I do not wish to be indiscreet; but I see clearly that you are unhappy, and that troubles me. If you would grant me your confidence,

perhaps together we might find the means of removing the cause of your sufferings."

"Don't give way to that chimera, Leopold; you would be attempting the impossible," she said in a tone of profound sadness. "You now see my daily society; every day the same thing. My grand-father sleeps with his cigar between his lips. The Captain takes his brandy and slips away into the billiard-room to snore by himself. Rather tell me about yourself, why are you not a lawyer?"

You would have said that she suspected me of having been a poor student. Since I had asked her confidence, it was fair that I should reciprocate. Consequently I was obliged to tell her how the death of my father, leaving my mother and myself in want, had compelled me to leave Leyden on the pretext that I had no taste for study, in reality, because my mother, that I might continue my studies, was subjecting herself to sacrifices and privations, the idea of which I could not endure, and which would not even suffice for our joint maintenance. I told her how I had succeeded in living by my pen, though not without great difficulty, by translating to order foreign novels and writing articles for periodicals. My mother faded away in a slow decline, and I had, at least, the satisfaction of not having afflicted her last days by disclosing to her the real reason for the interruption to my studies.

"Well, I only like you the better for that," my strange cousin said, heedlessly breaking in on my recital, "a man who sacrifices to a woman his egotism and his ambition is as beautiful as he is rare, Leopold. I want to look you in the face to remember you. It will do me good, for truly I have reason not to have too exalted an idea of your kind."

"Would you like to send me away at once?" not that I wished to take advantage of the half admission which had just escaped her, but because with a person like her I must be on guard not to take her too literally.

"Leopold, you see very well that you cannot remain here. Seriously, do you believe that we could live in this castle with a colonel's pension for our only income, and keep up such a luxurious table?"

"Did I not tell you, Frances, that I was accustomed to most simple diet?"

"Yes, but the Captain—"

"Well, are you not queen and mistress here?"

"Really, I should prefer to tell you the whole story. I believe you have a loyal and generous heart, and if I am deceived in you, as has already happened with so many others, so much the worse, one deception now won't make any great difference in the total. When my grand-father retired and we came to confine ourselves here, we were under the necessity of living in the strictest economy. Our habits up to that time had been luxurious, but for different causes our fortune had always been diminishing. My grand-father understood necessity as well as I, and during the first summer that we passed here, all went on as I wished. But the autumn, the long evenings, the General's rheumatism came on, and I saw with terror how our austere mode of life and our complete solitude weighed upon him. An ennui, a desperate ennui, which I sought in vain to withstand by reading and music, fell upon my poor grand-father like a leaden pall. He fell into a melancholy which frightened me, and I was very glad when an old comrade, retired in Amheine, invited him to visit him for a while. It recalled him to his proper element. Amheine, you know, is a city of pleasure and of brilliant society. My grand-father remained there three months."

"And you?"

"I remained here. They had forgotten to invite me, and when they thought about repairing their forgetfulness, their invitation was so plainly a mere matter of form, that I would not accept it, even if I had not firmly decided to avoid the cost of toilette and other expenses which such a visit would necessarily entail."

"Still, even here a little toilette would not do any harm," I interjected to profit by the opportunity of lecturing her a little.

"Come, now! I say, like a certain French-woman, 'at the time when I was a woman.' That time has gone by, and what matters it how Major Frank dresses?"

"Major Frank," I replied, "must know how to wear the uniform which belongs to his rank and to the circumstances in which he is placed. That is not coquettry, it is good manners."

"But, Leopold," she answered in a tone of vexation, while her foot beat the carpet with impatience, "Since I have been here, I have ordered nothing new and I have even been obliged to dispense with a great part of my wardrobe in favor of the poor daughter of an officer, who was going into a rich family as governess, and who did not know how to procure suitable dresses. Now, cousin, that you are initiated into the mysteries of my wardrobe, do you understand why I cannot come to the table in a ball costume? But enough of that, and don't trouble me any more with your foolish remarks. I continue. My grand-father came back from Arnheim cured of his melancholly and more ruined than ever. His stay, even at the house of a friend, had been expensive; he had spent a great deal for clothes, for entertainments, especially in gaming, which I heartily curse. In short, he was overwhelmed with debts. He extricated himself by selling at once the farm which still belonged to us, the price of which was barely sufficient to satisfy his creditors. My grand-father now swore that he would never again set his foot in the world, and he has kept his word; but I very soon saw him fall into the sombre ennui from which he had only just been emancipated. He could not even obtain the whole of his pension, a pitiless creditor having attached a third of it. Then Captain Rolfe came, an old protégé of my father, a brave soldier, who in spite of his merits, would not have obtained the rank of officer without his aid. Even before my birth, he had been a man of all work in my father's house. His sister was my nurse, and, my mother dying soon after my birth, the good woman did her best to keep me from feeling this cruel loss; unfortunately she had neither the character nor the education to fit her for such a task. With the best intentions, she did all she could to spoil me aided by her brother, Sergeant Rolfe, who would have preferred to show insubordination before his colenel, rather than not obey one of the caprices of her whom he already called his 'Little Major.' His visit to the castle diverted my grand-father. He had reached the rank of captain on the retired list. The difference in rank did not prevent the relations which followed; he could eat his pension just as well here as elsewhere. He had also inherited a little property in North Brabant. In short, he was installed in the house; I resumed my command over him; his jokes, vulgar as they were, amused my grand-father, and I calculated that the Captain's contribution to the household expenses would enable us to procure certain pleasures for the old man to which he was greatly attached. Rolfe and he are two gourmands and epicures. You could not believe how I suffer when I see them both rivalling each other in their enthusiasm for the pleasures of the table and when I am present daily at the humiliation of my poor grand-father."

Just then Fritz brought in the tea-tray and the General and the Captain followed. The conversation was labored, and Frances did nothing to aid in enlivening it, when suddenly the Captain noticed the disorder of her hair. "Aha," said he, "the lioness shakes her mane in order to frighten us."

Frances seized the opportunity and retired to her chamber on the pretext of replacing her hair in its prison. The General considered this sudden departure impolite, then suddenly proposed a game. This proposition was welcome to me, though I do not like

cards. At all events, I escaped the punishment of making people talk who do not talk. We began a game of hombre, and I found that for a ruined man, the General set the stakes rather high.

I was not slow in discerning that I had to do with players for whom the game was something more than an amusement. The old baron especially showed that it was a passion with him. His sleepy eyes sparkled when he took up his cards, his hands trembled, his nostrils dilated or contracted according to the chances of the game. He divined my hand with a mathematical certainty. He was bold, even rash in his play and almost always succeeded. As for me, I made mistakes or blunders; that enlivened my companions. I had already lost several games, when the door opened and Frances reappeared; she was in full dress.

I threw my cards on the table and hastened to meet her. The General did not know to what to attribute what he regarded as a most disagreeable occurrence. The Captain cried out, "The Major in full dress." I offered her my arm, which she readily accepted, to lead her to the sofa.

"What deuced caprice has possessed you, Frances?" said her grandfather, who had a magnificent hand, in an angry tone, "You have been running around all day like a cinder-breech."

"But the fairy has come and I reappear as a princess," replied Frances. "And the beautiful ermine slippers* on your feet," I added pointing to her ball slippers, which peeped out from the borders of her dress. "Perhaps, but I shall take care not to lose one of them." "Why not?" said I boldly, looking her steadily in the eye. "Because I do not wish to make a life question out of the romance of the hour."

"All that you say to Frances may be the height of gallantry," cried the terrible General; "Still it is not polite, my dear Leopold, thus to leave a card table."

I was obliged to return in penitence, while Frances went into the dining-room, seated herself at the piano, and allowed her fingers to wander over the keys as her fancy dictated. She was a good musician and must have had excellent masters. Her playing was at first fantastic and bizarre like her whole being; little by little it became sweet and melancholly enough to make one cry. You can understand that I paid much more attention to my beautiful cousin's piano, than to the cards which I took up and laid down mechanically. The General was furious at this and let me see it. Naturally I lost, even to my last bet. I wished to pay my debt, when Frances suddenly came in, and declared in a decided tone, so decided even that it displeased me, that I should not pay. I answered in the same tone, and in a manner to cut short any further interference, that I would pay. She even wished to snatch from Rolfe the bank-bill I had given him to adjust our account. I was obliged to let her know that I found her intervention very improper. She returned angry and provoked to the piano, while the General, who had been silent during the scene, plainly showed his pleasure at handling his gains. In other circumstances, poor as I was eight days before, I should have had the right to consider as a base design the game which he proposed to his nephew unacquainted with the mysteries of hombre.

At this time I did not believe I could pay too dearly for the advantage of openly reading the character and defects of a man whose past had had a fatal influence over the pursuit of Frances. I joined her by the piano. "Will you play?" she said abruptly. "I don't feel inclined." "As you like." And turning back to the instrument, while I made believe turn over the leaves of an old magazine. She began to strike the keys as if she would break them. Finally she played a prelude and began to sing an air of

* Glass slippers of the English version, also sometimes printed "Sonliers de vene" in the French, are said by Lithe in her dictionaries to be a corruption of "Sonliers de vair" that is lined or trimmed with "vair" or ermine.

Ketty in the chalet. She has a strong, powerful alto voice, and there was something ironical, a sort of defiance addressed to me in the manner in which she launded out the famous refrain, "*Cherished Liberty, reign always there.*" "Do you know," I whispered to her, "how this charming little opera ends?" "Certainly; it always ends so in the theatre; but in real life, it is quite the contrary and I stick to the reality."

The evening was soon over, and by the manner in which Frances gave me the tips of her fingers when we separated to go to our rooms, I saw plainly that she was still very cool towards me.

Strange and incomprehensible character! Proud, generous, a noble heart, wit, beauty, a charm whose influence is only too great, and all spoiled by a detestable education, by the manners of a camp follower, and a disagreeable rudeness, without reckoning I don't know what in her past history, this terrible past, painted for me in such black colors. And when I shall see that she has been maligned on all these points, can I without fear contemplate a life in close union with a character so arbitrary, so domineering? Could I long endure her oddities? Would Major Frank, with her antipathy to men and marriage, even consent to become Mrs. Frances de Zonshoven? All these questions I turned over in my head, while I stretched myself out in the vast bed with red curtains, where, I must confess, I slept delightfully without awakening till morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE EARLY COLONIAL LAWS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—No. 1.

BY HON. S. T. WORCESTER.

COLONIAL LAWS FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

For many years previous to 1679 the then Provinces of Massachusetts and New Hampshire had been united under the same Colonial Government, having the same Governor and General Court. But in the year above mentioned these Colonies were separated by the Home Government, New Hampshire becoming what was called a "Royal Province." The commission of the King, Charles II, which appears to have been the fundamental law of the Province, establishing the new Government, provided for a President or Governor to be appointed by the King. A Council, also to be appointed by the King, and an Assembly or House of Representatives to be chosen by the people. This Commission of the King, among other things, also provided "that liberty of conscience should be allowed to all protestants, those of the Church of England to be particularly encouraged."—*Belknap History, p. 88.*

The first act of this Provincial Legislature providing for the support of the Ministry and Public Schools in the Province, now to be found in the Colonial Laws, was passed May 14, 1714, the third year of the reign of Queen Anne, and was, with its title, substantially as follows:

"*An Act for the Support of the Ministry and Public Schools.*

SEC. I. Be it enacted by his Excellency the Governor, Council and Representatives in General Assembly convened, That it shall be lawful for the Freeholders of every respective Town within this Province, convened in public Town Meeting, as often as they shall have occasion, to make choice of, and by themselves or any other person

by them appointed, to agree with a minister or ministers for the supply of such Town and what annual salary shall be allowed him or them; and the minister or ministers so made choice of shall be accounted the settled minister or ministers of such Town; and the Selectmen for the time being shall make Rates and Assessments upon the inhabitants of the Town for the payment of the minister's salary in such manner and form as they do for defraying other Town charges; which rates by a warrant from a Justice of the Peace with the Selectmen or the major part of them, directed to the Constable or Constables of the Town, shall be by him or them collected and paid according to the direction of the Selectmen for the end aforesaid, *Provided always that this act do not interfere with her Majesty's Grace and Favor in allowing her Subjects Liberty of Conscience;* nor shall any person, under pretence of being of a different persuasion, be excused from paying towards the support of the settled minister or ministers of such Town, but only such shall be so excused as conscientiously and constantly attend the Public Worship of God on the Lord's Day according to their own Persuasion.

SEC. II. And be it further enacted, That for the building and repairing of Meeting Houses, Minister's Houses and School Houses, and allowing a salary for a School Master of each Town within this Province, the Selectmen in their respective Towns shall raise money by an equal Rate on the Inhabitants in the same manner as in this act directed for the maintenance of the minister and every Town in this Province shall have, and after the publication of this act provide a School Master for the supply of said Town.—*N. H. Province Laws, p. 56, 1714.*

This act in respect to the maintenance of the ministry appears to have remained in force as the law of the Province and State till some years after the war of the Revolution, and was not repealed till 1792.—*N. H. Laws of 1815, p.* 475.

It is not our purpose in this connection to compare this N. H. Colony Law for the support of religious worship, with the well known State laws upon the same subject, in force in this State since the *Toleration Act,* so called, of 1819. But it may be pertinent, and not without interest to some of our readers to note the differences between this New Hampshire law and the Province laws of Massachusetts then in force in that Province. Viewed from the stand-point of our more modern ideas upon this topic this New Hampshire Colony law was sufficiently arbitrary and intolerant, giving to a majority of the Freeholders of a town the exclusive privilege of making choice of a minister for all of the rest of the inhabitants, as well as themselves, and agreeing upon his salary, the rights and duties of all others, not freeholders, being limited to listening reverently to the doctrines taught, and paying the Ministers Rates. Still, stringent and exacting as was this New Hampshire law, in some respects at least, as compared with that in the sister Province, it was mild and liberal.

It is well known that Massachusetts, prior to the final settlement of the South boundary line of New Hampshire, in 1740, claimed and exercised jurisdiction over that part of New Hampshire lying west of a line parallel with the Merrimack river, and running three miles east of that river. In the exercise of that jurisdiction, the General Court of Massachusetts, previous to 1740, had granted very many town charters in that part of the present State of New Hampshire, lying between the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers, and several east of the Merrimack. Among the town charters so granted, were those of Charlestown, Rumford (now Concord,) Souhegan West, (now Amherst), west of the Merrimack, and Nottingham West, (now Hudson,) and Litchfield, on the east side. The charters of those towns, like the charters of other towns then and still in Massachusetts, clearly indicate the law of that Province in force at the time in reference to the support of the ministry and the building of Meeting Houses.

We will take the charter of Litchfield, granted in 1734, as an example illustrating the law, and setting forth the conditions in respect to the support of the ministry and the building of Meeting Houses, upon which town charters were then granted by the General Court of that Province. These conditions were in the following words: "Provided the Inhabitants of said town of Litchfield shall be and hereby are strictly enjoined at their own cost and charges to erect and finish a suitable Meeting House for the public worship of God within three years next coming, and within the time aforesaid, shall procure and settle a *learned orthodox* minister of *good conversation*, and make suitable provision for his comfortable and honorable support."

Congregational Orthodoxy, as set forth in the current confessions of faith and creeds of the churches of that day, and as taught from the New England Primers at the weekly "catechisings," was at that time, virtually the established religion of Massachusetts. No other denomination was favored, and dissenters from the established faith were sometimes banished or imprisoned and otherwise punished, and it will be readily seen that no candidate for settlement could fulfil the conditions of these charters unless endued with the three gifts and graces of "learning," "orthodoxy," and "good conversation."

No such conditions as the above are to be found in the town charters granted by the Royal Governors and Council of New Hampshire. The two Governor Wentworths, who for very many years held the office of Governor (and it may be some of their predecessors in the office), were understood to be adherents to the Church of England. We have already seen that the Royal Commission for the government of the Province granted by the King in 1679, required that "liberty of conscience should be granted to all Protestants, those of the Church of England to be particularly favored."

It was doubtless due to that provision in the Royal Commission, in part, and in part, also, to the fact that numbers of the early settlers of New Hampshire, were dissenters from congregational orthodoxy, that the law in New Hampshire in respect to the support of the ministry differed so widely from the laws in the sister Province. As we have seen, the Massachusetts laws required the inhabitants of a town within a time limited, to build a Meeting House, settle and provide for the support of a minister having the qualifications specified in the charter. In case of non-compliance with the conditions of their charter, the inhabitants became liable to answer for the neglect in the Civil Courts.

No such conditions being embraced in the New Hampshire town charters, or the general laws of the Province, the Provincial act we have cited left the building of Meeting Houses and the settlement and support of ministers wholly to the uncontrolled discretion of the Freeholders of the town. These Freeholders, of whatever denomination they might be, might build a Meeting House and settle a minister in one year, three years, or ten years from the date of the charter if they should "see occasion," or not at all, if they should see no "occasion," the law in its terms imposing no penalty for the neglect. In the meanwhile, should they at any time see "occasion" to settle a minister, the law did not make it indispensable that the candidate to be settled should be "learned" or "orthodox," or even of "good conversation." He might be endued with all, a part, or even with none of these qualifications; and in respect to his religious sentiments, so far as the law was concerned, it was a matter of indifference, whether he was a Lutheran, a Calvinist, an Episcopalian, a Baptist, or New Light, or "Light that shines when few are nigh."

Neither had the church nor the religious society as such, if such organizations existed in the town (under the terms of the law), any voice in the selection of the candidate or in fixing the amount of his salary. Still, after the minister was settled, all the tax-

payers in the town, those chargeable with a poll tax only, or with a tax only upon personal estate were required to contribute their proportion of the "Ministers Rates," though having no voice in his settlement, either in the choice of the candidate or the amount of his salary. In the words of the law, no tax-payers in the town, whether freeholders or otherwise, could be excused from paying their proportion of the minister's salary, "under the pretence of being of a different persuasion," unless "they should conscientiously and constantly attend the public worship of God on the Lord's day according to their own persuasion." An incident to be found in the records of the town of Hollis, well illustrates the practical operation of this feature of the law and the common sentiment of the people in respect to it. It appears that in the warrant for the annual March meeting in 1785, one Edward Spalding had procured an article to be inserted, "To see if it were the minds of the people to exempt his estate from the minister's tax for the reason that he belonged to the Baptist denomination." This question being submitted to the meeting "the minds of the people" found expression in the following clear and sufficiently emphatic terms: "Voted that the estate of Edward Spalding shall not be exempted from minister's tax for the time past, present, or to come."

THE COLONIAL SCHOOL LAWS.

It will be seen on reference to the New Hampshire Province law of 1714 "For the support of the Ministry and public Schools," that in respect to Public schools, that act simply required the Selectmen to raise money by an equal rate upon the inhabitants of the town for the building of a School House and allowing a salary to a school master, without additional details in regard to the management of the school, the qualifications of the master, or what should be taught in the school. But in 1719, the fifth year of the reign of George I, an additional school law was passed with the following title:

"*An act for the Support and Settlement of Grammar Schools.*"

By this law it was enacted "That each town in this Province, having the number of fifty householders shall be constantly provided of a School Master to teach children and youth to *read* and *write*—and that when any Town has the number of one hundred families or householders, there shall also be a Grammar School set up and kept in every such town—and some discreet person of good conversation, well instructed in the *tongues* shall be procured to be Master thereof.—Every such School Master to be suitably encouraged and paid by the Inhabitants. And the Selectmen of such Town are hereby empowered to agree with such School Master for salary, and to raise money by way of Rates upon the Inhabitants to pay the same." This act further provided, "That if any Town qualified as aforesaid should neglect the due observance of the Law, for the space of six months, for the procuring and settling such School Master, that such delinquent Town should incur a penalty of twenty pounds for every conviction for such neglect. on complaint made to the Court of Quarter Sessions."—*Colonial Laws, p. 143; chap. 91.*

In 1721 the foregoing act was so amended as to require "Each Town having one hundred families or householders to be *constantly* provided of a Grammar School," (as well as for teaching reading and writing), "and that if any such Town after the publication of the act, should be without such Grammar School for the space of one month, the Selectmen of the Town should forfeit twenty pounds to be paid out of their own estates."—*Colonial Laws, p. 163, chap. 103.*

The above laws, without material amendments, remained in force till several years after the War of the Revolution, and were finally repealed by a new law "For the better regulation of schools in this State" passed June 18, 1789.—*N. H. Laws 1797. p. 306.*

This Colonial School Law was unlike the New Hampshire State Laws

for the regulation of the public schools, in force during the present century, in several important particulars among which are the following:

1st. The Colonial Law provided for but a single school for teaching children and youth to read and write only in towns having fifty families or householders and less than one hundred;—and a Grammar School, in which the "tongues," or dead languages were to be taught, in towns having one hundred families or more.

2d. It was wholly silent in respect to school districts, school committees and the examination of teachers.

3d. It contemplated the employment in the schools of male teachers only, "School Masters," alike in the schools for teaching reading and writing, as in the Grammar Schools.

4th. The building of school houses, —the hiring of school masters, and the providing for their support by way of Rates or taxes—and the whole control and management of the schools were left to the Selectmen.

5th. It appears to have required in its terms, both the school for teaching reading and writing, and also the school for teaching the tongues to be kept "constantly," or for the whole year.

The new School Law of 1789, repealing all former school laws, made it the duty of the selectmen of each town to assess upon its inhabitants a tax for the support of schools in the town, at the rate of five pounds for every twenty shillings of the town's proportion of the public taxes for the purpose of teaching reading, writing and arithmetic, sometimes called the three "R's." This act of 1789, appears to have been the first statute law requiring Arithmetic to be taught in the public schools. This act also required that all shire and half shire towns in the State should maintain a Grammar School for the purpose of teaching the Latin and Greek languages, as well as reading, writing and Arithmetic.—*N. H. Laws 1797, p. 306.*

This law of 1789, was repealed and superseded by another school law approved Dec. 13, 1804. This last act was silent in respect to Grammar Schools for teaching the "tongues," no provision being made for teaching Latin and Greek in any Public School. —*N. H. Laws, 1805, p. 295.*

An act of the New Hampshire General Court, passed Dec. 28, 1805, provided for the division of towns into school districts "For the support of schools and the building of School Houses." This act of 1805 appears to have been the earliest statute law authorizing or requiring towns to be so divided for that purpose, although there can be no doubt that some, and it may be many of the towns in different parts of the State, by vote of the town-meetings, were so divided previous to any legislative statute upon the subject.—*N. H. Laws of 1815, p. 366.*

HON. JONATHAN HARVEY OF SUTTON.

BY ERASTUS WADLEIGH.

HON. JONATHAN HARVEY was a native of Sutton, N. H., and elder brother of the late Gov. Matthew Harvey of Concord. In early life he was much in public office. He was in the House of Representatives several years, then was member of the state Senate and was its president from 1817 to 1823, when he was elected a member of the state Council. In 1824 he was elected member of Congress, which office he held six years. In 1834 he was a prominent candidate for the United States Senate and was defeated by Henry Hubbard. This was his first and last political defeat In 1836 he was an elector of

President and Vice-President. In 1839 he was elected to the legislature the last time.

He was an ardent supporter of Gen. Jackson's administration, and never disappointed his political friends. He was much beloved by his townsmen. His best days and the town's were contemporary. He was often selected by contending parties as referee. About the last case when he acted in this capacity was when a dispute had arisen as to the ownership of a crop of rye. By a previous contract with the then owner of the land, the party sowing the rye was to have the crop for clearing the land. The owner of the land sold it before maturity of the crop without reservation. The purchaser of the land claimed the crop as being part of the realty under the statute. In making his decision he disclaimed the statute, and stated there was a higher law which said in substance that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap," and that the state of New Hampshire cannot revoke the law of God. Jonathan Harvey was a favorite with Gov. Hill, who used to ask the question in the *Patriot*, "Have you ever seen Jonathan Harvey?" as he was a man of attractive personal appearance.

In his last days he became lame and seldom left home except on election days. His latter days were somewhat obscured by mental and physical debility. He died in 1859 in his 80th year, on the farm where he was born, leaving his paternal estate to his posterity, by whom it is now posessed.

THE TOMB OF STARK.

FROM "GEMS FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE AUTHORS."—1850.

No trappings of state, their bright honors unfolding.
No gorgeous display, mark the place of thy rest;
But the granite points out where thy body lies mouldering.
And where the wild rose sheds its sweets o'er thy breast.

The zephyr of evening shall sport with the willow,
And play through the grass where the flowerets creep.
While the thoughts of the brave, as he bends o'er thy pillow,
Shall hallow the spot of the hero's last sleep.

As, from glory and honor, to death thou descendedst,
'Twas meet thou shouldst lie by the Merrimac's wave;
It was well thou shouldst sleep 'mongst the hills thou defendedst,
And take thy last rest in so simple a grave.

There forever thou'lt sleep,—and though ages roll o'er thee,
And crumble the stone o'er thy ashes to earth;
The sons of the free shall with reverence adore thee,
The pride of the mountains which gave thee thy birth.

H. W. Herrick.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The circulation of the GRANITE MONTHLY is steadily increasing. It is our hope to commence the fourth volume with a list of two thousand. To our subscribers who do not have all the back numbers, we would extend the invitation for them to make their sets complete from the first. The second number of volume one, the fourth number of volume two, and the third number of volume three, are exhausted. Any other numbers will be furnished to subscribers, to complete sets, for fifteen cents per number, or two for twenty-five cents. Volumes one and two bound in cloth will be furnished for $2.00 each; in half goat, for $2.50 each. The magazine is not yet upon a paying basis; it is our hope to place it there within a few months. In the meanwhile we wish the hearty coöperation of our contributors and subscribers to elevate the standard of the only magazine in New Hampshire, and extend the circulation. Our aim is to make it a welcome and indispensable visitor in ten thousand New Hampshire homes.

During the past year we have been attempting to gather into our library the town histories of New Hampshire. At present we lack the following histories: Londonderry, New Ipswich, New Boston, Dunstable, Temple, Acworth, Bedford and Troy. Any information in regard to how they can be obtained will be gratefully received.

We have left in our hands for sale: "History of Concord," by N. Bouton, D. D., price $6.00.

Only a very few copies of Mr. Coffin's excellent History of Boscawen and Webster remain. Isaac K. Gage of Fisherville, N. H., will give any information needed on the subject.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"BOAT CLUB SERIES." One of the most interesting series for boys it was ever my pleasure to read, is the "Boat Club Series." All the romance of a boy's life is gathered within their pages. I do not expect the sedate readers of this magazine to become bewitched with the boat club, but I want to speak for the boys—their sons and grandsons. If you want to make an acceptable present to a boy of from ten to fifteen years, a boy of robust health, of imagination, of *ém*, present him with a set of the "Boat Club Series." He will be the most popular boy in his set. He can borrow indefinitely on the strength of owning them, sleds, skates, hooks, alleys, kites, balls, bats—any and every boyish treasure. They will develope a manly spirit and are pure and healthy reading. They are the best of summer and vacation reading. They were written by "Oliver Optic," the boy's friend; are published by Messrs Lee and Shepard of Boston, and can be obtained from any book-seller. The thoughts brought up by the mention of this series are pleasurable. The advertisement will be found in another place.

THE NEW YORK BOOK EXCHANGE has favored us with a copy of the "Koran," "The Life and Words of Christ," "The Literary Magazine," and a paper called the "Literary Revolution." This establishment is winning a place in the world of letters of an enviable character. It supplies standard books at an unheard of price. The best way to do is to send one's address, with a postage stamp, for their catalogue (mentioning the GRANITE MONTHLY as the source of the suggestion), and if you find anything you want in their line—especially for a book of reference—send for it, and you can depend on their representations. The books are carefully edited, nicely printed and neatly bound. I asked a friend to review the Koran for me, but he could not afford the time to read it through concisely, so he gave it up. It can be obtained for 36 cents. "The Life and Words of Christ," by Cunningham Geike, needs no criticism from us. It can be obtained for 58 cents. These prices include the postage.

"THE READING CLUB AND HANDY SPEAKER" has been mentioned in a previous *Publisher's Department*. It seems

that there are a series numbered from one to eight, all edited by George M. Baker, and published by Lee and Shepard of Boston. In paper they cost 15 cents a volume; in cloth, 50 cents. Choice selections are taken from Leigh Hunt, Mark Twain, Douglass Jerrold, Whittier, Dickens, Artemas Ward, Charles Sumner, Scott, Mrs. Hemans, Bulwer, Tennyson, and every great author in the English language. The selections are the richest bits, selected by a critic.

Rev. M. T. Runnels has published a prospectus of the "Sanbornton Town History," upon which he has been at work for twelve years past. The history will be published in two volumes of from six hundred to eight hundred pages each. Vol. I will contain the "annals" of the town from the earliest movements for its settlement in 1748; histories of its churches and schools; description of natural scenery, artificial divisions, "lots," roads, bridges, mills, public buildings, villages, etc.; accounts of calamities and fatal accidents; list of all the town officers down to 1828, when the town of Franklin was incorporated, and the principal officers of both the towns of Sanbornton and Tilton till the year 1880; the whole to be accompanied by an accurate and elaborate map of the ancient town, including East Franklin, north of the Winnipiseogee River, and Tilton, and showing all the "lots" as originally granted, all the present building "sites," which have been carefully searched out and located to the number of more than four hundred. It is believed that no town history has yet been attempted in the State of New Hampshire, at least, equal to this for fulness of matter and minuteness of detail. Vol. II will contain genealogical records of more than two hundred family names of the original town, with pedigrees traced back to the earliest Sanbornton ancestors, and in many cases, as in the Gilman, Lane, Sanborn, and Woodman families, to their first immigrant ancestors in the country, or even further back. The Rev. Mr. Runnels has written this history wholly as an individual enterprise, and now proposes to publish the same, provided only that a sufficient patronage is guaranteed to pay the expense of printing. The two volumes will be furnished for $5.00; or either volume for $3.00. Any persons who do not receive a circular but desire a copy of the history, can address Mr. Runnels at Sanbornton.

The purest invigorant and stimulant (not an intoxicant) is Malt Bitters.

A new life of Christ, in order to find a wide acceptance in these times, must possess these several characteristics: first, an attractive style; second, a devout and reverential spirit; third, a complete mastery of the whole literature of the subject; fourth, an evangelical rather than a rationalistic treatment of the theme; fifth, a moderate price. These qualities combined make "The Life and Words of Christ" by Cunningham Geike, published by the American Book Exchange (812 pages, price 50 cents) a work which will be more and more demanded by the people. it will establish the reputation of the author. Clear and simple, yet learned and profound, it will be found to meet the wants, both of the scholar and of the unlearned. The publishers will receive the hearty thanks of many readers for the neatness of dress and for the almost miraculous cheapness of this really valuable work. C. M. P.

The Rev. Mr. COGSWELL, of Henniker, has prepared a history of that town, which is already in Mr. Crawford's hands. Unwisely, we think, he has authorized a very limited edition which will be soon exhausted. Parties wishing it at par *will do well* to send in an early order.

ANTIQUARIAN BOOK STORE. George E. Littlefield, at 67 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., has on sale a large collection of New England town histories, biographies, genealogies and antique books. The GRANITE MONTHLY can be found at his store.

RARE AMERICAN BOOKS. George M. Elliott, at 48 Central Street, Lowell, Mass., has on sale a great many valuable and rare books on local and general history, biography, etc. His catalogue can be obtained upon application.

OFFICE CHAIRS. The JOHNSON CHAIR can be seen in front of Mr. Aldrich's furniture store. It is made by John Rogers, of Warner, and costs $3.50 at the manufactory.

Holman's Liver Pad has caused a revolution in the theory and practice of medicine. From personal experience, I do not hesitate to endorse it and recommend it. See advertisment.

Disease prevented and medical bills lessened by a timely use of Malt Bitters.

Geo. A. Hillsbury